

THE LIVING AGE

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GENERAL FOCH'S PERSONALITY

BY HENRY LEACH

WHEN you look along the gallery of the world's great generals, those who seem to have bent the destiny of peoples, you may sometimes reflect that in appearance they have one common characteristic: they are cold, hard, stern. You may call it strength, if you please, but it is not quite that, or not that alone. A strong man may be of kindly mien; a gentleness repressed may peep for a moment from behind the mask. In the look of many of these men there is the suggestion of a certain crude remorselessness, of materialism, of simple, hateful selfishness. There was nothing kindly upon the countenances of Cæsar and Napoleon. Wellington, a lesser general, had such a simple coldness upon him. Kitchener was as hard of look as Bonaparte himself. But how should it be otherwise? There can be nothing surprising that men whose lives are given to soldiering — a little statecraft mixed with it at times — whose business, after all, is bloody destruction (even though good and glory and preservation may be the aim of it); men who are educated and paid to fight and kill, and not to read poets by the banks of streams, or wander through woods in thought, or rhapsodize upon sweet

music — it is not surprising that these men should have a steely, heartless glance, the facial mark of militarism. They are not invited to cultivate such fine emotions as light the countenance and signal the spirit that urges humanity on to higher things, that sees the conquest of the fearful problem of life and futurity in the heart and soul, and not in sword thrusts and bursting bombs. Perhaps, sometimes, appearances have belied these great generals. We know that some of them have had fine tastes, that the æsthetics have not been beyond their range, that the hardness and the materialism have often been but a second nature sprung from lifelong habit, and that beyond and buried there have been a kindliness and a tendency that in another life might have led on to a different splendor. But General Foch, who is in full command of by far the greatest army that has ever been gathered, the army of half a world and not a nation, is somewhat different from others. On his countenance there are indeed sternness, resolution, reserve, and strength. The lines are strongly marked; trials and care have cut them. His eyes are deep set and penetrating, the lower lip and the

chin are formidable. But there is a certain Latin smoothness, flexibility, and gentleness upon the face of this generalissimo, betokening, as one fancies, a man of heart, of kindness. The human touch is upon it. There seems to be indicated in him something of that human simplicity which, after all, stands for the best and greatest in mankind; for the finest men have preserved in their natures much of the innocence and the belief, the sincerity and the wonder, that filled them when they were little children.

One likes to think of General Foch in a way like this, for in him, in his skill and his judgment, his valor and his action, there is reposed the best hope of humanity. All the civilized nations that would have us toiling, troubled humans struggle through the dark mysteries of life and progress, in the conviction that in ultimate destiny there is a state for man that is beyond his present thought and imagination, now have given to General Foch at the crisis of the struggle, the most fateful moment that has been known since mankind came into being, the guardianship of the cause. The fate of hundreds of millions of people, of nations, of races and civilizations, of all things in the world now and after — some would dare to say of eternity itself — is entrusted to this man who rose from the sunny south of France, who played as a child in the shadow of the Pyrenees, and left it to become a soldier and fight for France when the present enemy of the world struck foully at her nearly fifty years ago. In the past some have thought of responsibilities and spoken of them in certain cases as being 'tremendous.' Responsibility is indeed often a crushing thing; but what a responsibility is here! A giant bigness of heart and mind is needed to carry such a truly

appalling burden. Statesmen may prattle, Cabinets decide, nations may labor, and men and guns be given in infinite numbers to the battles. But at the crowning hour, when all the Ministries are far away, when the nations have supplied their best and their all, the fate of the case, the issue of it, rests largely with one man in supreme control upon a blood-stained part of Europe. A slip, and the world may fall. He is a brave man who faces this tremendous task and responsibility. He surely is the most important man in the world to-day; it might be argued that he is the most important man the world has known. And if upon him there is cast the greatest responsibility, and if he is the finest general on the side of the fighting Allées, and, as one would say, in Europe or the world, there is this thought to be added, that he may be the last of the generals. If the idealists have their splendid way, if the nations should sit together at council tables, and if war should be abolished — hope indeed! — then General Foch will have been the last of the generals, and the one who made himself the last.

Foch no doubt has exact knowledge of the place where he was born, but, not regarding the matter as of immediate importance, he has not troubled to correct certain mistakes that the admiring Parisian chroniclers have made, for they vary somewhat in choice of spot, though the locality is certainly Tarbes, or somewhere round about, and the year was 1851. An interesting reflection is provoked upon the circumstance that so much of France's best blood comes from the south. Among the generals, Joffre was one who sprang from there. The education of Foch was begun at Tarbes, and afterwards he went to St. Etienne. Then he was prepared at the Ecole St. Clément in Metz for

the Polytechnic School, where, after serving in the war of 1870, he was admitted in 1871. Next he attended the Cavalry School of Saumur, in 1878 he was made captain, and in 1884 was admitted to the Superior School of War, to which in 1896 he returned to fulfill the duties of professor of general strategy and tactics. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel two years later. Foch had made a good place for himself in the military world; he was a fairly successful man, and one of ambitions; yet when the present century began — but yesterday, as it seems to many — this man upon whom so much depends was, after all, but a lieutenant-colonel, and there are many soldiers of that rank. Even France was taking but little note of him. Foch was not depending on influence or adventitious circumstance to help him on, and his coming was not heralded. He was making his own way. It is a little odd to reflect that in 1900 he was, indeed, dismissed from his appointment at the Superior School of War. General Bonnal succeeded General Langlois as commandant of that institution, and the new broom began an extensive sweeping, as the result of which Foch was one of several professors who were sent elsewhere. But it was said and realized that his doctrines had made a special mark at this School of War, and that he had exercised a permanent influence upon the teaching of tactical systems. France realized that she had great need of this man, and began to watch him closely. He was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general in 1907, and shortly afterwards was appointed commandant of the School of War. Seven years back he was raised to the command of the Thirteenth Division at Chaumont, and soon afterwards to the distinguished and highly important com-

mand of the Twentieth Corps at Nancy. There he was when war broke out, and we know what has happened since — or some of it. During the battle of the Marne he hurled the German Imperial Guard into the marshes; then he led his forces during the long and bloody battle on the Yser, and organized the liaison between the French and the British armies. The success of the Somme offensive in 1916 was largely due to him, and by the end of that year he had been entrusted with several missions both in France and in Italy. He directed the Anglo-French troops that were sent to the aid of the Italians when the Austrians and Germans made the wild rush that resulted in the Isonzo retreat. When M. Clemenceau rose to power as Premier, it was evident that he had made up his mind to have Foch at the general head of things on the Western front. Long before we knew of it here, but when some had a suspicion of what was about to happen, they were declaring in Paris that Foch was to be generalissimo, and in effect was that then. The confidence of M. Clemenceau — so generally a cynic, with no obvious and complete trust in many persons or things — in his Foch has been a very interesting phenomenon. When war problems were to be solved in the early part of this year the French Premier would look around for Foch, and take him with him to great discussions, saying petulantly, 'I must have Foch! I can't do without Foch!' Clemenceau is a man of marvelously keen discernment, and he plainly indicated that he believed Foch knew more about war, and the possibilities and the necessities thereof in the present instance, than any other general fighting on the side of the Allies, good as some of the others were.

Foch forms a peculiar personality.

Something of his private ways comes from one in Paris who has seen and knows them. It is said by certain of those around him that he is sometimes suspected of a far-distant Celtic origin. It is urged in these speculative quarters that his name suggests a Celtic source. They say that *foex* in Celtic means 'fire,' and that it is from *foex* that Foch has come. Let us add that his name is pronounced with the last letters soft, as Fosh. If his ancestors were of the name of Foex, which stood for 'fire,' how would not Balzac, they say, have reveled in this circumstance, believing as he did in the predestination of names! And Foch has the blue eyes of the Celt, even though, being of the Midi, his complexion is so dark. Some say that he has also a touch of the Basque in him, and that for years he lived within sight of the Spanish border. He is a man of simple tastes and careful discretion in his speech. He distributes his time between his military labors, his family, reading, and sport. A man of much culture and wide reading, he is especially devoted to history, as to which his knowledge and his memory are astonishing. It has been suggested earlier that as a rule generals are not conspicuous for their appreciation of the arts. Sometimes they may display a certain lofty and ignorant patronage of them, and it is a habit with invaders to steal the enemy's pictures when opportunity offers. They are as the tokens of success. But Foch, though arms have taken up his thoughts for most of his life, has a genuine love and appreciation of the work that arises from the higher minds and spirits of men, and for the beauties that are given to the world. As a youth he used often to frequent the house of Gustave Doré, with whom his family was on some terms of intimacy, and he met Rossini there. He came to

experience a taste for the works of the composer of the *Barber of Seville*, but he loves best the old French musicians like Couperin, Lassus, Blavet, and Rameau. And, as regards tastes and affections, it may be added that he has a reputation for being a connoisseur in old furniture. At the table, we are told, he is a man of frugality and few marked tastes. He will eat anything that is placed before him without complaint of *chef*; he sips a little wine, with some coffee to follow, but avoids liqueurs and spirits. Indeed, if he has any special attachment at all in matters of food and drink, it is for fruits. And we of Britain mark well that he is a sportsman. Foch is a great, if not a mighty, hunter. When the motor car first became a practical machine for locomotion, and enthusiasm for its adoption set in, Foch was swept along with the torrent, and automobilism became a passion with him for a time. But presently he recovered, and went back to his horses, admitting that, after all, they were the nobler if not the faster things. Never does he experience a keener sense of exaltation than when on a fine morning his favorite chestnut, which is described as a golden chestnut, and which pricks up his ears at the name of Cræsus, is brought round for him, and when his foot is put to stirrup. It is a fine animal, pure-blooded and an acknowledged beauty, one that he bought in 1913, and that has never been long out of his company since then. On horseback, riding through the forest, the generalissimo is completely contented, for he is a lover of nature in her every manifestation, and rejoices in the view of many splendid trees. Next to war, in fact, it is probable that Foch knows more of trees than anything, for he has made a deep study of their characteristics, their cultivation, and their

utilization. If the conversation in a group in which he is temporarily situated should perchance turn to gardening, Foch, in enthusiasm, will speedily direct it on to tree culture; and in times of peace, when he takes a holiday at a favorite little place of his by Finisterre, he spends most of his time in tree study and in tree inquiries among the youth and the old age of those parts. This has nothing to do with war — save that tree destruction in the battle areas is surely the most pathetic thing of all next to man destruction, and Foch must feel it so. It is not a usual taste in generals, or indeed in many other people, and it is a good one. Every man has some bad habit, or there is a general fault about him; and, as we have spoken only of the good points of this generalissimo, let it be added accusingly and without mercy that in a land where smoking is often practised to excess, and at a time when there is more of it than ever before, Foch is one of the champions. You do not see him without a cigarette between his fingers; but an old smoker, who really smokes for the love of nicotine, might say peevishly that, after all, this general, despite his everlasting cigarette and the electric installation he has had put in his war automobile to rekindle it, because of his continually allowing it to go out, is but a trifler with the herb. He may allow the light to be extinguished half-a-dozen times. It is doubtless because he is thinking.

The general has the reputation for being a little distant, very reserved, with those who do not know him well. Others will say he is taciturn until one is intimate with him. When he is busy with war and its works he is a man of very few words. His orders are given most briefly. He makes fewer addresses to the soldiers than they would like, and, as some would say, would be

good for them; but it is urged that in this case it is a certain shyness that restrains him, for such addresses are invariably and inevitably accompanied by demonstrations of popularity, and these are things that the generalissimo cannot bear. But set him in a circle of his friends at night when work is done and there is some relaxation, and they will tell you that there is nowhere a more delightful and good-hearted companion than Foch. His tongue will slip unloosened; he will begin to tell a story; his heart and his manner will warm; and, ere he realizes it, he is away in the country or over there in Russia or in England, and is recounting his adventures in divers places in those lands. Before he turns in at night, he has a way often of giving himself up for a while to thoughts upon some great problem that is before him, especially if it is a case of deciding upon one of various courses. He will meditate much and deeply upon it, and then will retire to bed without having reached any decision. Thus, as we say, he sleeps on it. A process of the distilling of decision from the materials that are collected in the mind goes on apparently during the hours of sleep, when there is no human willfulness or prejudice to interfere with them, and in the morning the essence is complete. After rising Foch knows his decision without further thought. He says that often he recalls the subject for the first time when he looks at himself in his mirror during the act of shaving, and knows the result. This is a little curious as part of a man's habit or system. His is a keen judgment, and in the matter of anticipations we may class him as a careful and discriminating optimist. If he believes in a thing, he believes in it very much. He has the faith which will translate mountains. There have been moments in recent operations

when some have thought that Foch had been optimizing to excess, but he is justified. He told the British Premier at the beginning of this year's German offensive that if there could be such a thing as an independent freelance general, with a choice of armies, and he were the man, he would assuredly for the future operations prefer the French and British set of soldiers and positions to those of the enemy; and later, when things were not apparently proceeding very well for the Allies, he sent a message to Downing Street that the chieftain there should be informed that he, Foch, still considered that his cards were the better set. The German offensive had just been well established when a man of some importance from Italy was admitted to his headquarters one day, and had some questions to ask. He found Foch possessed of a remarkable *sang-froid*. It was near to the end of a day, but outside there was continuous excitement, and motor cars were dashing up, and speeding away again, in such number and with such haste as indicated the tension of the time. But Foch was so cool. He sat in his chair, stretched out his legs, and had the manner of a man who had earned his repose. And he murmured then, 'The Boche waves are breaking on the banks. To hold them back, however, is not all. We have ample resources, and we shall do something more. We may be satisfied with the way in which things are going.'

In some quarters lately there have been statements of the military views, principles, and instructions of Foch by himself, that have been taken as newly written, whereas they have really been extracted from the two highly important volumes that he prepared during the time he was director of the Superior School of War.

They are entitled *The Principles of War* and *The Conduct of War: Manœuvres in Battle*. Remarkable works are these, and a strong personality, with marvelous perceptions, and strength of belief in them, is revealed in these pages. He puts a saying of Napoleon as a preface to the first of them: 'It is not genius that suddenly reveals to me what I must say or do in a circumstance which to others would be unexpected; it is reflection and meditation.' In those days he continually imposed upon his pupils the paramount necessity of thought. That with deep and earnest thought true decisions come easily and quickly is a firm belief of his. He used to say to his pupils unceasingly, 'Think, and yet again think. You will be asked some day to be the mind of an army. I tell you to-day to learn to think.' At another time he would tell those pupils, with irony, 'Do you think that to wear slung on one's hip a well-sharpened, well-cared for sword signifies that one knows how to fight?' Another famous saying of his is, 'A battle won is a battle in which one will not own one's self beaten.' If one is a mere philosopher wishing to know of ways and means of life and thought, one may with much advantage study the dicta of this generalissimo, but little conversion, and that simple and direct, being needed from terms of war to those of more peaceful life and work. 'The art of commanding,' says he, 'does not consist in thinking and deciding for one's subordinates. . . . To command has never meant to "be mysterious"; on the contrary, it signifies to communicate that very thought which animates the direction.' Then he says: 'High as the command may be placed, its first task should always be to give orders; but its second task, which is quite as important as the first, should be to

insure the execution of those orders. A battle must be conducted on the battlefield.' He reflects that modern war, to arrive at its end — to impose one's will on the enemy — recognizes only one means, the destruction of the organized forces of the enemy. War undertakes and prepares this destruction by the battle, which brings about the overthrow of the adversary, disorganizes his command, destroys his discipline and liaisons, and nullifies his units so far as their fighting-power is concerned. It follows as an obvious corollary from this, he says, that the offensive, whether started at the beginning of the action or as a sequence to the defensive, can alone give results, and in consequence must always be adopted, at least at the finish. Every defensive battle, therefore, must be terminated by an offensive action, a victorious counter-attack, or it will lead to no result. But there is one item among the sayings and considered statements of General Foch

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to which many may be attracted now. It is this: 'In the manœuvre battle, the reserve (that is to say, the prepared bludgeon) is organized, kept back, carefully instructed to execute the single act of the battle from which results are expected, the decisive attack; the reserve is husbanded with the most extreme parsimony, so that the bludgeon may be strong enough, the blows as violent as possible. Let loose at the finish, without any lurking idea of saving them, with a well-thought-out plan for winning the battle at a point chosen and determined, the reserves are thrown in all together in an action surpassing in violence and energy all the other phases of the battle, an action with the proper characteristics of surprise, of mass, and speed. All our forces really participate, either by preparing it, or by carrying it out, in this our supreme aim.' A time may be coming when perhaps such words will have an even keener significance than now.

THE LUXURY TAX

BY H. J. JENNINGS

WHEN Mr. Bonar Law announced in his budget speech that there was to be a tax on luxuries to help pay for the war, the announcement was received with a chorus of approval. Except in a few quarters the principle of such a tax was acknowledged to be both appropriate and of considerable revenue promise. This practical unanimity was, perhaps, not altogether unconnected with the fact

that everyone judged the proposed tax, not by its expected effect on himself, but by the effect which it would produce on other people. If he did not wear a fur-lined coat, or keep hunters, or spend a guinea or two on his restaurant dinner, or furnish his house with genuine antiques, he thought it was quite the proper thing to put a tax on those who did. It probably did not occur to the ma-

jority of these vicarious patriots that the line between necessities and luxuries is often a very doubtful one, and that a good deal of their own expenditure is on articles that might be swept into the fiscal vortex. Now that detailed recommendations as to the application of the tax have been set out in elaborate schedules which not only include things indisputably luxurious, but also comforts and even necessities according to the modern standard of living, something akin to consternation has fallen upon a good three fourths of the population, and the luxury tax is no longer as popular as it was when only a vague and unformulated ideal. For the net has been cast very wide, and if Parliament assents to the scheme only the little fishes will be able to slip through its meshes.

The fairness of a real luxury tax remains unaffected by the multanimous counsels of the select committee to which Mr. Bonar Law — unwisely, as many think — left the invidious duty of selection. Some economists are, indeed, of opinion that a tax on luxuries ought to be an important source of revenue in peace as well as in war time, and that people who can afford to spend money on the purchase of articles either not necessary, or, if necessary, expensive by reason of their super-finish and ornamentation, should contribute in proportion to their expenditure to the upkeep of the State. It was one of the main principles of John Stuart Mill's theory of taxation that luxuries, especially vanities, ought to be as highly taxed as possible; but it has needed a costly war, a rapid and disquieting growth of national debt, and the menace of a colossal annual expenditure for many years to come, to bring about the present belated resort to this method of raising money. But notwithstand-

ing the disputatious views which rumor ascribes to the fixing of datum lines and to the manner of collecting the tax, we are all more or less agreed that 'luxuries' ought to be taxed. The United States Treasury does not mince matters when it says that 'luxury is akin to treason.' It is when one comes to defining what *are* luxuries, and marking the line of division between articles necessary in a simple form and similar articles made of rare and costly materials and embellished with extravagant decoration, and determining how the tax should be differentiated with due regard to fairness, that there is no longer unanimity, but something not far removed from discord. It is apparent, too, that a similar confusion of standards is reflected in the conclusions of the select committee — conclusions which, whatever may be their value, must be regarded as a compromise, lacking to some extent the authority and force of consentient opinion.

It was almost in the nature of things and inevitable that there should be diversities of view. While there is no difficulty in deciding that diamond parures, ten-shilling peaches, and half-crown cigars are luxuries, it is not so easy to determine where necessity ends and luxury begins, and still less easy to decide where comfort, and the gratification of a simple taste, merge into luxury. These are distinctions that cannot be expressed in the terms of mathematical formulæ. Many things that were luxuries in primitive times have become necessities by the growth of national prosperity and the sanction of custom. There was a time when the trunk of a fallen tree was the only kind of seat, and chairs were unthought of; now chairs are indispensable even in the humblest households. But between a plain Windsor chair of beech and a

richly carved ribbon-back chair by Chippendale, or a gilt and tapestried Louis Quinze fauteuil, there is a difference expressible only by the two extremes of market value. And, as everyone knows, it is not its utility that sets the value to the luxury chair. Bedsteads can hardly be dispensed with, save by soldiers and sailors on active service, and roaming vagabonds who have to make shift with a bed of leaves or a cock of newly-made hay; but by no stretch of accommodating definition could the bedstead — *travaillé en soie, en or, en petites perles fines et pierreries* — presented by Madame de Maintenon to Louis XIV be classed as a necessary. A watch, again, is necessary, but what makes it so is its accuracy as a time-keeper, not its jeweled gold case. Books are necessary both for instruction and recreation, provided they are bought for the sake of their literary contents, and not for their sumptuous bindings or because they are the coveted rarities of the bibliomaniac. Copies of the Bible and Shakespeare's works are indispensable in the humblest home of culture, but the man, or the public institution, that pays a high price for a Mazarin Bible or a First Folio Shakespeare has traveled far on the road of pure luxury. Some kind of crutch or artificial limb is necessary for a person who has lost a leg; nevertheless, anyone who copied Miss Kilmansegg's prodigal example and wore a golden leg would properly be brought under the operation of the luxury tax. Apart from articles which are alternatively necessities and luxuries according to their market value, there is the case of articles about which, even in their simplest form, opinion is divided as to whether they are necessities or not. Musical people and *soi-distant* musicians will claim that a pianoforte is a necessary; it is

possible, however, that their next door neighbors may not so acutely perceive the 'necessity,' and may even class the instrument as a luxury because it happens to be a nuisance. A bicycle, again, is necessary if used to carry a man to and from his work; if used merely for country rides and pleasure jaunts it is a luxury. Price has no more to do with the distinction than it has with the distinction for tax purposes between the butcher's pony and the Newmarket thoroughbred.

Clothing presents the most difficult problem, because clothing is an absolute necessity of civilized existence and at the same time presents the widest field for the exercise of luxurious display. Without going to the length of the American writer who said that 'women are dress drunk,' there is no question whatever that millions of money are spent annually in every great capital in mere finery demanded by the vanity of women. Most of this expenditure is little short of criminal in war time, but one thing is quite evident — no tax is going to put a stop to it. If the Government want to direct the surplus money of the upper and middle classes into channels more helpful to the nation, it can only be done by the operation of a sumptuary law. It would not be for the first time in English history. In the pre-Reformation days there were numerous sumptuary laws which regulated the habiliments of rich and poor alike. Originally enacted for the encouragement of native manufactures, they were subsequently extended to check the growing extravagance in dress, references to which may be found in the sayings of Chaucer's Parson. Froude tells us that the symbol of rank was prescribed in the dress of the various orders of society as strictly as in the regimental uniforms of officers and

privates. In the reigns of Edward III, Richard II, Henry IV, and Edward IV, these sumptuary laws, though sometimes a dead letter, were passed by successive Parliaments. At one time we find it forbidden for any man below a certain rank to wear any kind of large, hanging sleeves; not at all a superfluous prohibition when it is remembered that a nobleman of that age wore satin sleeves on which were worked in pearls and gold the words and music of a song, the lines of the music being represented by gold threads and the notes being each formed with four pearls. At another time no person below the degree of a yeoman might wear any bolsters or stuffing of wool, cotton, or caddis in his pourpoint or doublet, but 'a lining only according to the same.' In the same reign another law was passed against farmers and laborers clothing themselves excessively. Diet was also regulated by statute. 'The diet of noblemen' (in Edward III's reign) 'was ordered down to a level which was within the reach of the poorest laborer'—(this is probably the first rationing system on record)—and everyone was limited to two courses per meal, although no limit seems to have been put on the quantity consumed.

A sumptuary law differs from a luxury tax in that it prohibits the use of certain things, whereas the latter permits of their purchase and use on condition that the State gets revenue out of the transaction. So far, however, as the operation of the tax tends, indirectly if not directly, to check extravagant expenditure, it serves much the same purpose as the old sumptuary laws. It would be sanguine to expect overmuch in this way. It is not likely that the luxury tax (assuming it to be adopted) will restrain all, or even a large proportion, of the votaries of fashion, the lovers of

personal display, and the *dilettanti* of art from following their bent to the full extent of their means. Wealthy dames will still exhibit themselves in sables, old lace, and ropes of pearls; *bons viveurs* will continue to regale themselves with out-of-season delicacies and champagne at 25s. a bottle; and men and women with a hobby for choice *bric-à-brac* will still pay extravagant prices, and the tax on top of them, for Sheraton sideboards and buhl cabinets, and for squaremarked Worcester tea services which a careless housemaid may reduce to worthless fragments with a maladroit sweep of her duster. The rich will pay the tax and not trouble about it; the sufferers will be the people with moderate incomes, who will be mulcted in the extra cost of nearly every article that spells comfort in their homes.

The select committee's report which, after much disputation, was agreed to, divides taxable commodities into two classes, namely: (1) Articles of indisputable luxury, such as personal ornaments, furs and silks, fine furniture, antiques, pictures, grand pianos, and motor cars, and (2) articles which are treated as luxuries and taxed above certain data set forth in elaborate schedules. According to all accounts the committee do not appear to have been a particularly happy family. Some of the members resigned half-way through the inquiry because they dissented from the attitude of the majority in proposing to rope in everyday necessities by the slapdash and arbitrary device of making them taxable luxuries when over a specified price. It is said that this was the cause of the labor representative's withdrawal. In principle there can be no sound objection to the fixing of data in the case of commodities which, although necessities, are also capable

in certain conditions of luxurious elaboration. It may, however, become irksome and even unfair if fixed too low. This was the fault of the plan adopted in France, and the dissatisfaction it has caused there ought to have served as a warning to the British committee not to fall into the same cardinal error. It is all very well from the standpoint of the Exchequer to put the data as low as possible, but the general application of the tax on such lines is certainly not what most of us understand by the term 'luxury tax.' Furthermore, it is a tax on a tax. Most of the current prices are abnormal. Market values have been raised by higher wages and the increased cost of materials, and still more by a disgraceful system of profiteering which the Government have not made the smallest attempt, outside coal and a few food-stuffs, to check. But although the difference between pre-war prices and present prices in the case of many articles essential to a tolerable life for people of limited means already amounts to a severe tax, a super-tax of $16\frac{2}{3}$ per cent on the selling price is to make the hardships of the middle class less endurable than ever. Mr. Bonar Law's project as developed in committee ought to be re-named 'The Tax on Comfort.' Even the committee appear to recognize the misappropriateness of the 'luxury' title, for they put on record a number of suggestions made by witnesses, such as 'Expenditure Tax,' 'Voluntary Tax,' and 'Patriotic Tax.' Clearly, the schedule goes far beyond a luxury tax. If a datum were necessary, it should have been fixed so as not to penalize the purchaser of indispensable wares, now at double or treble their normal prices, and certain before long to have a further advance. If there was any strained effort at all it should not have

been in intensifying the struggle for existence of people accustomed to refinement but crippled by inadequate means. If luxury is to be taken, as it would seem to be, to include all things that by the exercise of extreme self-denial can be dispensed with, we shall find ourselves in a trice taxed for pretty well every item that distinguishes civilized from savage life. This is not the intention of a luxury tax, nor what a luxury tax should mean if fairly interpreted.

But there is another cardinal blunder in the scheme — one, however, for which the Government rather than the committee are to be held mainly responsible. Below the datum line the article is tax free; above the datum it is taxed, not on the difference, but on the full selling price. Taking as an instance something the datum of which is eight guineas, if, in order to secure some slight superiority, the purchaser chooses to pay £8 10s. for a similar article, his tax contribution is, not 4d., but £1 8s. 4d., and his total outlay £9 18s. 4d. On purchases of the cheaper kinds of apparel this method of assessment presses with much greater relative severity than it does on the big amounts paid for such things as dinner frocks and expensive millinery. To apply the tax in this way is inequitable, and one is not surprised to learn that within the committee itself the proposal met with influential opposition, though unsuccessful on the ground that the subject was outside the terms of reference. A purchaser who exceeds the datum ought to have all the benefit attaching to the tax free price. To tax the whole amount is to tax not only the 'luxury' value, but the 'necessary' value as well. The Government naturally want to make the tax yield as much as possible, but that desirable consummation ought not to be com-

passed by a method that takes away its distinctive character as a luxury tax. There is no sense, but a good deal of the spirit of brigandage, in exacting 3*s.* 6*d.* extra from a customer who chooses to give 2*l.s.* for an article that is tax free up to the price of a pound.

While the tax on many quasi-necessaries has been started too low, the tax on luxuries has not been applied with half enough thoroughness. One looks in vain to find any reference to domestic servants. This is a direction in which luxury is rampant. Everyone has read lately of instances of two people employing seven or eight servants to wait upon them. Much of this sort of thing is vulgar ostentation. We have not yet ridded ourselves of the snobbish custom of estimating a man's social importance by the number of servants he keeps. Well, if he chooses to keep a small army of retainers in war time, the least the State ought to do is to make him pay for his cooks, gardeners, housemaids, lady's maids, chauffeurs, butlers, footmen, valets, and stablemen. America proposes to put a tax on servants. Employers of male help are asked to pay 25 per cent on the wages of one servant and 100 per cent on the combined wages of four or more. Each family is to be allowed one woman servant tax free, but all additional women servants are to be taxed at the rate of 10 per cent on the wages of one, and up to 100 per cent on the wages of four or more. They seem to have a much juster view of what luxury is in the United States. Instead of our tax of 2*d.* in the shilling on jewelry, theirs is half the cost; thus an article priced £250 would pay £41 13*s.* 4*d.* in Great Britain, and £125 in America.

Any attempt to set out in full the committee's proposals that are open

to criticism would result in a list as long as Leporello's of his master's conquests, or as the 'dark roll of iniquity' that comprised Paddy McCabe's unconfessed sins. A child's toy that costs more than 7*s.* 6*d.* is to be taxed, and every little girl's doll will fall within the category. It will be a luxury, too, to have your photo taken at a cost of more than two guineas per dozen, to pay more than 10*s.* for a fishing rod, to exceed 10*s.* 6*d.* for a fountain pen, or 10*s.* for a writing pad or case, or 5*s.* for a photograph frame, or 15*s.* for a camera. Further taxation of tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes, in addition to the existing heavy Customs duties, is recommended when the price exceeds specified data. If this proposition be approved by Parliament we shall have the edifying experience of the Government putting up the retail price by the imposition of one tax and making the increase the basis of another tax. Even if the higher qualities of tobacco are luxuries, it is not altogether reasonable to tax them twice over. The same sort of thing is done with regard to imported motor cars and musical instruments; but the cases are not analogous. No one is obliged to buy imported motor cars or pianos; there is always the alternative of home production. Tobacco is in a different category; it is (at all events up to the present) essentially a foreign product and there is no home-grown substitute, and if there were it would be taxed for customs purposes the same as foreign tobacco. Even if the double taxation has to be endured, it would puzzle anyone outside the select committee to know what ninepenny cigars are doing in the luxury class. A ninepenny cigar to-day is hardly equivalent in quality to a fourpenny cigar of pre-war times, owing to increased customs duty and the higher prices

of the leaf; and one would have to seek as diligently as Diogenes did for an honest man before one could find a cigar smoker with a sufficiently perverted taste to look upon a pre-war fourpenny cigar as a 'luxury.' The late Charles Mathews, the actor, to whom all cigars were alike, and who could thoroughly enjoy a twopenny cheroot, might have endorsed the committee's classification, but it is questionable if anybody nowadays could be found to bear him company. Meals in hotels, restaurants, and clubs are to be luxuries when they are above the datum line. If a man lunches at his club and spends more than 3s., exclusive of drinks, he must pay the tax; if he lunches at home and spends three times 3s. he is tax free. If he dines at his club and his expenditure is above 4s. he is to be taxed, but if he dines at a restaurant he may go to the extent of 5s. without being put in the luxury class. The schedules are 'running over' with anomalies of this kind. This sort of thing often happens when people — even select committees — try to do the impossible.

Some of the members were at least frank enough to deprecate the duty of distinction. Miss Markham and Mrs. Vaughan Nash, who had to deal with the furniture section, say in a separate report: 'We have found it impossible to arrive at a definition of the various classes of furniture and other household articles which would enable the ordinary shopkeeper and customer to be certain what goods were included or excluded in the various groups. Owing to this difficulty of definition *we think that any system of schedules will break down.*' These ladies admit that their attitude may appear critical and unhelpful, but their common-sense commentary is by no means so useless as they suggest. They have not simply dodged a dilemma, they have pointed

out with force the consequences of the arbitrarily drawn line between necessity and luxury.

It is certain that the committee's proposals will be riddled with criticisms in the House of Commons, and no one would be surprised if Mr. Bonar Law abandoned the whole scheme, or limited it to luxuries in the proper sense of the term. The objections are not confined to those already indicated. It may be questioned if the cost of collection — or rather the cost of checking the collection — will not make the net yield disappointing. The tax has in all cases to be paid in cash by the customer whether he has an account or not, and the shopkeeper or auctioneer is responsible for handing it over to the Government. Whatever methods of bookkeeping are adopted, the Government will be at the mercy of unprincipled tradesmen unless they employ an effective check. Special luxury stamps have been suggested, to be purchased by the customer, paid to the retailer according to the amount of his purchase, and handed over to the Government by the retailer. But who is to see to the obliteration of the stamps, without which opportunities of fraud would be infinite? In any plan of really effective check an army of accountant-inspectors will be necessary, even if they are only employed in surprise investigations *pour encourager les autres*. As a general rule the certificate of the retailer's own auditor, if a chartered accountant, would probably be accepted as sufficient evidence of *bona fides*; but thousands of tradesmen dealing in small luxuries are their own auditors, and in any event the machinery of investigation will have to be set up if the tax is not, in many instances, to be diverted from its proper destination or evaded by some artifice or other.

SPECTATORS

BY CLARA SMITH AND T. BOSANQUET

XXI

MRS. JOHN WYCHWOOD TO MR. NICOLAS
ROMER

20, St. Leonard's Terrace,
Chelsea, S.W.,
August 21, 1914.

My dear Nicolas,

I don't think your case against me is as strong as it looks at first sight. You've lived long enough with 'Frederick' to get used to the idea that he and 'Freddy' are one, whereas I have n't, and when it comes to enlisting, he strikes me much more as being Mrs. Abbott's son than as your principal domestic staff. I see it was perhaps rather an indirect method of explaining that you had lost his services! If it's any consolation, you are doing very nicely without them, though I dare say you won't agree at all when you come to personal relations with his absence. His special charm for me lay in his genius for Bradshaw, a genius for which at present the world has no use, and my own boots and your knives look just as nice as they ever did, because Tamar has kindly come to our temporary rescue. Perhaps she is all you will need in the future, if you are going to lose half your income as well as Frederick! Truly I am very, very sorry about the *Encyclopædia*, in spite of this cold-hearted remark. It's barely decent not to have lost part of one's income nowadays, so my regret is mainly for the interest of the work itself, for to lose that is nearly as bad as losing a human friend. I should

imagine, though, it would have been too difficult in any case to think continuously of anything so wildly removed from all our present absorptions as art, and I will only pass on to you our commentary on your misfortunes when I told the sad story of them *chez* Mrs. Elmslie last night. She began it by saying: 'I am very glad Mr. Romer is free to help the Government.'

The Tarrants were my fellow guests, and I saw a suspicious smile on Margaret's face as though she had been through this before, while he remained gloomily silent, so I asked — really hoping for information — 'What do you suppose Nicolas could do in that line?'

'Well, his experience as an editor ought to be very valuable,' replied Mrs. E. 'They must need all the help in organizing they can get.'

'Mr. Romer had better write to the Secretary of the War Office,' said Mr. Tarrant hastily, 'and say he is ready to go anywhere and do anything in connection with the national crisis.'

'Oh, no!' said Mrs. Elmslie, 'you don't get an answer out of the War Office. It's *much* better to write privately to someone you know in the Civil Service and offer your services in a general way, and then they put you on to something. Your friends know who you are and what you can do, and if they don't write you can ring them up.'

Mr. Tarrant turned to me. 'Shall we do it unofficially?' he asked resignedly. 'Of course he has all the

necessary noble sentiments, and is, at any rate, qualified to help in the fight for Britain's commercial supremacy?'

'Not a bit!' said I, 'and if he offers temporary assistance to the Government, I promise he shall choose another channel.'

So I sincerely hope, Nicolas, that you are n't at this moment appealing to Mr. Tarrant for advice. I felt fairly safe when I promised, but of course you *might* have had a bad inspiration, and, as you say, characters are not what they were. You sound exactly the same, however, and for the sake of practical convenience I shall continue in that faith until you tell me that you have arranged to address a Hyde Park meeting on Drink, or any moral equivalent to such an activity. Betty and I believe ourselves equally unchanged. Mind you, I dare say it's only because we all belong to a lower type of humanity, and the conviction of inefficiency and sin which comes over me every time I open a working-party invitation is the stirring of higher things. All the same, I do feel quite certain that a sense of coöperation does n't make me knit better. The presence of eleven other people all sewing to the same end is downright bad for my technique. I asked Margaret, as we walked back to our respective homes last night, how she was dealing with the situation, and she said: 'Well, I don't deal at all. My husband stands aloof, not attempting to give me advice, and the ground seems so full of economic pitfalls that I'm waiting until the experts have found the path of safety for me.'

'Come down to the Embankment and look at the scenery,' said Mr. Tarrant irrelevantly. 'I wish to heaven I'd gone into the navy instead of the Civil Service.'

'The river makes me morbid too,'

said Margaret. 'I wish I'd learned to paint properly instead of merely getting married.'

'You would find life now much more complicated, spiritually and financially, if you had done,' said I.

'And you're not being polite to me,' said her husband severely. 'You ought to be proud of the opportunity a fifteen-year old daughter gives you. There is her mind ready to your hand. Teach it that war is as savage a custom as blue woad.'

Daisy's charitable schemes suddenly came back to my memory. 'Do you want a governess for Hazel?' I asked, 'because if Betty's aunt and godmother, with all her experience of respectability, recommends you a young person called Miss Rosamond Dane, I must warn you in advance that she is really most unsuitable for the post.'

'Rosamond Dane?' said Mr. Tarrant. 'Not Peter Dane's sister? What on earth does she want to be a governess for? No, she certainly shan't try educational experiments on my child.'

'And why have you all kept it from me that you knew each other?' asked Margaret.

So then I explained my side of the story, and they explained theirs, until we realized that it was twelve o'clock and the policeman was beginning to think so badly of us that we must go home to bed. Mr. Tarrant, by the way, says that Mr. Dane is sure to fly very well—he has the right character—which is some consolation to people like me, who are too old to put as much faith in air as in earth and water. The subject of flying led to depressed revelations from Margaret about her brother Hugh—do you remember him? He's the youngest Lawrence, a clever, sensitive boy, who knows, moreover, how to paint

the sunlit, misty marsh at Rye. Of course, being an artist, he is now out of work, and as he has n't any dependents, the obvious thing for him to do is to enlist. But he can't at present make up his mind to it, and Mr. Tarrant is horrified at such slackness, and Margaret is disappointed, and I am desperately sorry for him. I know that when you are old or unable to fight you feel miserably useless and envy the young their glorious chance, and that for the young like Miss Garnett's brothers, it is such a glorious chance that they are not conscious there is any choice; but for the others, who are not the stuff of which the professional soldier is made, it is cruelly hard luck. You may have the consolation of doing your duty, the rare satisfaction — which the artist will the more readily appreciate — of working for an impersonal end, belief in a personal immortality, too, if the Bishops like, but with it all you can't shut out the passionate regret for what you stand to lose. The lights in the black water, the cool darkness, and the faint sound of the wind in the trees may still be mine when I am a ghost, but not as they were last night. And poor Hugh, in taking that risk, must throw over also everything that made life intelligible to him, must turn deliberately from beauty to desolation. All the same, I see there is no help for the desolation — not now — and if I were Hugh I should enlist at once and get it over, but I should n't be inspired by any splendid motive which could be labeled patriotism or self-sacrifice or anything noble. I have n't, so far, got beyond the elementary conviction that since we are in for everything, it is n't fair to leave the dirty work to other people.

In actual practice, of course, I'm not confronted with any such problem, and I seem to conduct my life very

much as usual, though without attaining Hilda's super-calm. I had a letter from her to-day, asking for advice about tea-baskets: 'As I am in London I may as well take this opportunity of buying Christmas presents. I hate the unbusinesslike way in which everyone leaves it until the last minute, when they have not the leisure to choose anything really suitable. I cannot tell you how many useless things I give away between Christmas and the New Year.' The tea-basket is destined for Leonard when 'he next goes abroad,' and the only allusion to the war was a postscript 'Alas for civilization!' So she, at any rate, has 'got over the worst.'

'Have you ever learned anything about tea-baskets, Betty?' I asked.

'I don't want to, just now,' said Betty sadly, 'I want sympathy instead. Oaklands is better of its drains, and Aunt Daisy thinks I am not too young to take my share of the burden the war has laid upon us all.'

'Can't you say that we have Tamar instead of Frederick?' I suggested.

'You'd better read it, and then you'll take it seriously,' said Betty, handing over Daisy's sheets of admonition and appeal, and I'm afraid there is no civil way of escape and I shall have to resign myself to being without Betty for three or four weeks. Daisy hates being alone, as you know, and she really does seem to have rather a lot on her hands in the way of soldiers' wives and babies. So this means we can't come to Rye, unfortunately, at least not both of us, and I'm not sure if I can leave my house in Westminster for a long week-end just yet. It seems rather extraneous to be having a new house at this moment, and certainly I should n't choose to embark on it if I had n't already begun, but when the lease is signed, and the walls are papered, and most of the

furniture living in expensive retirement at Harrod's, I can't very well ignore its existence any more than if it were the home in which I might have chanced to be living before August 4. And if I recognize it has claims upon me, then I may just as well look after the poor thing properly. But it would be very nice if I could come down, and I'll let you know as soon as I can.

I gather that Mr. Dane is going to see you to-morrow. Rosamond brought him to her appointment with me at Great College Street this afternoon, and subsequently to tea in Chelsea. He and Betty paid very little attention to the inside, which was what we had come to criticize and went out into the garden as soon as possible, to decide whether it should be Italian or Japanese — it must be one or the other, in view of its size — while Rosamond and I sat on the window-seat in the drawing-room and considered its paneled walls and sunlight, and where I should hang a mirror to catch the reflection of the trees in the Abbey gardens. I have an absurd feeling that while it is still empty, my house belongs to the people who lived there long ago rather than to me, and that I take something from them in filling it with my furniture and my personality. But I shan't, of course, keep it empty for their sakes!

Rosamond gave me a very entertaining account of Peter and his textbooks on flying and meteorology, and everything else that interests a person who's taking to the air, and then lapsed into unwonted silence. That part of Westminster is very peaceful, and we could hear Betty's voice in the garden below, explaining that blue irises and box borders would be much easier than stones and creeping plants without English names.

'I'm out of work, and I feel old,

and my country is at war,' said Rosamond suddenly. 'You need only say you are sorry, and then we'll talk about something else.'

I was very, very sorry, and said so, but I did n't take the rest of her advice. We talked about her and plans, or rather the absence of them, until the other two came in and suggested that we should walk home by the Embankment and look for tea. Which we did, and Rosamond and I have postponed the rest of our conversation until some day early next week.

Yours ever,

Nanda.

XXII

MR. NICOLAS ROMER TO MRS. JOHN WYCHWOOD

The Second Bungalow,
Camber Sands, near Rye,
August 27, 1914.

My dear Nanda,

You've made it perfectly clear that Tamar is quite all I shall need as a substitute for Frederick, at any rate until Bradshaw comes into his own again. And I can't honestly say that I've ever profited much by any other man's expert assistance in threading those labyrinthine paths, because I've lived under the common masculine delusion that nobody can tackle Bradshaw as efficiently as I can myself — though that does n't mean that I don't prefer using the 'A B C' whenever my journeys are within its range. It is interesting to find you, a woman and my sister, disclaiming the necessary qualifications for Bradshaw, but I've long since given up trying to discover broad distinctions like that between the masculine and feminine intelligence. Some prejudices persist longer than others, but they all vanish in the end, and I

think Madame Curie and Tamar have destroyed the last of mine. I did still think, till they disproved the theory, that men's brains were needed for discovering elements like radium, and that their muscles were essential for imparting a very high lustre to knives and boots. Our Uncle James, of course, long ago convinced me that men could perform with the needle, if they liked, with as much skill as any artfully trained young woman from South Kensington. Will you be surprised to hear that I had a letter from Uncle James a few days ago — or are you altogether past being surprised by the family emotions induced by a state of war?

He tells me that he has given up Hungarian embroidery for the present — until we're at peace with Hungary, I suppose — and is knitting enormous stockings to go over the trousers of the men in Dick's ship. Did you know our cousin Dick is a Commander now? It had occurred to Uncle James that since there was no chance of my being able to march myself, I might as well be manufacturing socks for more active feet. So he has kindly sent me very clearly written directions for knitting both sorts of footwear, though he recommends the seamen's stockings. 'Their size and length may appear to entail a certain amount of monotony,' he writes, 'but this is compensated by their heellessness.' Is n't 'heellessness' a strange-looking word? I did n't recognize it for what it was at first, and took the sentence to Miss Garnett for elucidation. She easily enlightened me; and since she spends her days just now demonstrating to Mrs. Crittenden and all her friends just how heels should be turned, she was delighted to hear of the heelless pattern for the more hopeless of her pupils. She was kind enough to invite me to join the class,

and I almost felt I ought. It seems nearly as lacking in decency not to be physically active in some way as not to have lost a little income.

And if I don't knit seamen's stockings, I don't see that I'm likely to be any use at all, Nanda. That's the depressing conviction that is settling blackly down on me. It's easy for Tarrant to make a mock of my incapacities, secure as he is in the consciousness that he is indispensable to the Board of Trade; but they're a source of profound dejection to me, especially in the midst of the war conversions that are in vogue here. I don't know any other term that covers the changed outlook and redirection of energies going on about me; and I know I can't have been converted myself, because that reorientation seems to be an invariable concomitant of the experience, and I don't feel any more reorientated than you are yourself. So no doubt the convictions of sin that overwhelm you when you open invitations to sewing parties are the equivalent of the shame I feel while I stand still on the bank and watch Morgan and Mrs. Morgan and Miss Garnett all leaping into the full stream of war-time activity. Their plunge seems very startling and sudden, but I suppose indefinite longings to be up and doing were floating about in their several minds, and the dismal history of the last few days in France has had a precipitating effect on those vague aspirations.

Certainly Mrs. Crittenden has undergone conversion, if outward and visible joyousness is a reliable index to her inward state. Neither Billy nor I could account for her gayety when she came down to Camber with the children on Tuesday afternoon. She has a face that is n't really made for expressing happiness, or anyhow not happiness of the effervescing kind, and

as she was almost bubbling over on Tuesday it was very noticeable. Our first wild hope was that Miss Garnett's useful uncle had provided her with something extravagantly good in the way of war news—that we had turned and swept back disordered hordes of Germans or sunk all but one or two insignificant ships of the Grand Fleet. We should have needed news as good as that, for the newspapers are horribly depressing with their faked exultations. We're sick of reading about 'German defeats' which only herald immense advances by the vanquished, and the rapid fall of Namur did n't seem like a subject for rejoicing. But it was nothing so national that was transforming Mrs. Crittenden.

'Morgan's gone up to town,' she told us, 'so I've come to have tea on the dunes with you all.'

We were more than ever puzzled. Last time Morgan went to London his wife locked herself in her room all the afternoon, or so Guy declares, and made no great attempt to hide the fact that she had passed the hours of his absence in tears, when he came back.

Fortunately her secret was much too exciting not to be shared almost at once. 'He's gone to see about his unit,' she informed us.

'His *what*?' we both asked.

'His unit,' she repeated. 'And Miss Garnett's going to be one of the nurses. She has had her Red Cross certificates for a long time, you know.'

We seized the proffered clue to Morgan's action. 'Splendid,' said Billy, guessing immediately that he was going to succor the wounded in France or Belgium; 'but are you going to stay here all alone except for Madge and Dolly?'

'Oh, no, I'm going out, too—I shall be the secretary,' she explained.

'Madge and Dolly are to stay with their grandmother.'

So that made everything clear, particularly her own elation. She is sure to be financing the 'unit' (whatever amount of hospital that is), and has every reason to expect to be included in the staff. And I'm sure she is genuinely uplifted by the whole big chance of doing, or anyway giving, something really useful and badly needed, quite apart from the fact that for Morgan to run a field hospital means that he must inevitably abandon his researches in the secret places of the human subconsciousness for a time at least, and do something in which his wife can share his interest. I expect the poor woman regards the war as a heaven-sent opportunity for her to prove herself the perfect and indispensable comrade she has so bitterly resented Morgan's not having hitherto found her.

They're hoping to start for the front quite soon—possibly next week; and Billy swears that he's going to start with them, as a motor ambulance driver. I shan't be at all surprised if he does, for he certainly seems perfectly well again, and Morgan might prefer to take him out where he could be under his own observation rather than leave him at the mercy of his conscience in England. He would be offering himself to 'Kitchener's Army,' as they seem to be calling it, within a month—and I can't bear to think of the eventual possibilities in that case. I know I'm a phase behind you metropolitans in patriotic feeling, for I can't think it anything but the wickedest waste to put a good artist in the firing line—as the Austrians have put Kreisler; although, for the sake of his humanity, it's right enough that the artist should want to go there himself. But Billy would n't make a good soldier, unless they put him on the staff, which is n't

likely! He can't endure a long physical strain, and he had better go out with Morgan's party and be packed off home when he has had as much as is good for him. I don't suppose Kate will care about his being a Red Cross helper. She would no doubt prefer pulling War Office wires to get him a commission in some regiment with so glorious a reputation for bravery to live up to that it is allotted all the most dangerous jobs, and loses officers at a rate that keeps it in constant need of fresh supplies.

I'm sorry for poor young Lawrence, and think it quite unpardonable of Tarrant and Mrs. Tarrant to be judging and condemning him for not having joined the first hundred thousand recruits—or is it the second we're raising now? Still, I agree that if he is going to make up his mind to enlist at all, the sooner he gets it over the better he will feel about it. He may be lucky enough to discover that even soldiering has its compensations, and anyhow he is pretty sure to lose sight of the uncertain end in the multitude of the means, and can live on from day to day with the fear of death (if he still has it) always approximately the same distance ahead in his imagination. I've been wondering, stirred to the wonder by your own allusion to it, just how much of a consolation a belief in personal immortality is likely to be to our soldiers. I suppose it might be a tremendous one if they had the passionate convictions of the early Christians, or the calm certainty of reincarnation that belongs to the East, but I don't think it can be more than a dim and wavering hope for most Western peoples to-day, can it? Probably they're none the worse fighting animals for that; and, after all, it's more to the point that they should fight like pagan heroes just now than

that they should surrender their lives like Christian martyrs or oriental fatalists. But I don't quite see why the Protestant sections of Christendom should have so lost their grip on a future life. Is it because, while ethics have been adapted and modernized out of all resemblance to the original teachings, Christian eschatology has n't ever been properly overhauled and brought up to date in an authoritative, archiepiscopal (or royal) way? I wonder if Hugh Lawrence's conception of an after-life is as Homeric as your own—'the spirit like a dream flies forth and hovers near.' If that pale, ineffectual substitute for full-blooded, sensuous experience is all that he can anticipate, I can't be surprised that he does n't want to take his sensitized, æsthetic consciousness into such conditions!

I dare say you'll have heard that we were disappointed of Peter's visit on Sunday. We waited in hope till after tea, and Billy kept watch over the sky as well as the earth in case Peter had already arrived at the stage of calling on his friends in an aeroplane. We had a letter on Monday, explaining that he had been obliged to stay up in town 'for interviews,' but hopes to come next Sunday. I suppose that will be our last Sunday here, whether Billy goes off with Morgan's party or not, so you may expect to see me back in Chelsea by the end of the week. I'll do all I can to take Betty's place, but I shan't be nearly as useful about the rival merits of Japanese and Italian gardens, so I hope she settled that point for you before she went to Daisy. Is she happy there? I'm haunted by something Daisy said in a letter I had from her yesterday about the possibility of Miss Craske and her brother joining the party, and am oppressed by a conviction that you or I ought perhaps to take ad-

vantage of the war welcome which is still offered to us at Oaklands, in order to be a refuge for Betty if she needs one. What do you think?

And has Daisy suggested to you yet that it would be a good plan if you went to lodge in one of the cottages on the Oaklands estate instead of inhabiting either of your own two houses? Her idea is that the wives of her territorial tenants who have been called up shall brighten their desolate lives by taking in lodgers; and she is looking about for suitable cases — 'of course only those unable to take any active part in their country's service'! She assures me that 'the cottages are quite modern and have every convenience, including gas cooking stoves and baths.' The properly qualified (or otherwise dis-

qualified) lodgers would be expected to partake of breakfast and luncheon in their several cottages, and to foregather at Oaklands for dinner every evening. It was a most stirring letter. It set me in motion immediately, and I wrote straight to old Markham to remind him that I had once been one of his form-masters, and to suggest that if he had any young enthusiasts on his staff burning to go to the front, I should be ready and willing to fill any of their places that I could. But if neither he nor you can see any use to be made of me, I shall have to consent to being branded as totally unfit, and shall deserve to go and eat the proffered Oaklands bread of humiliation.

Yours ever,

Nicolas.

(To be continued)

THE POLICY OF VON KÜHLMANN

BY CONRAD HAUSSMANN

[This interesting review of Dr. Richard von Kühlmann's policy as Secretary of Foreign Affairs in Germany, appeared in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* for July 30, 1918. The author, Conrad Haussmann, is a member of the Reichstag.]

SECRETARY KÜHLMANN occupies an exceptional position among the foreign ministers of Germany. He represented the Empire during an important crisis in a high position at a great peace negotiation successfully and resourcefully. The violent party hostility he incurred shows that he represented a definite policy. That hostility was manifested by the party champions of brute force programmes from the

day he entered office until the day he left it. Dr. Richard von Kühlmann did indeed possess the capacities for statesmanship of a cosmopolitan European. He possessed, moreover, the substantial ability to become a characteristic personality. He had both the favorable and unfavorable qualities of a naturally likable man. He represented the younger element in the Imperial Government and left the

highest position in the Foreign Office at forty-five years of age. It is exceedingly probable that Mr. von Kühlmann will ultimately return to his former career. Just as Graf Czernin's at present unutilized ability will doubtless soon be called again into service in Vienna, which likewise is not over-blessed with political talent.

Confused and erroneous ideas prevail both at home and abroad as to the occasion of Kühlmann's resignation or overthrow. It is a matter not only of historical, but also of present and future interest, to draw the veil from these occurrences and reveal them clearly as they are.

In order to understand the crisis and its outcome we must recall the circumstances under which Mr. von Kühlmann became Secretary of Foreign Affairs and served for a year in that office. We must recall the political views which he held when he assumed this responsibility and the obstacles which stood in the way of his independent action.

In July, 1917, when our U-boat enthusiasm had been shattered by collision with hard fates, and a wave of critical analysis swept over Germany and Europe, the Imperial Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, in consequence of his belief in the necessity of revising our general political attitude, felt that the introduction of democratic suffrage in Prussia had become a public necessity. The Kaiser, with clear insight and an appreciation of constitutional needs, had issued his Prussian franchise proclamation. The Reichstag majority had mustered and agreed on a political attitude. At this moment Bethmann-Hollweg was forced, by a conjuncture of position which history will analyze, to present his resignation. That resignation was accepted. He fell. With equal abruptness the Assistant Secretary of Foreign

Affairs, Dr. Michaelis, bobbed up in his place. The latter called our ambassador in Constantinople, Mr. von Kühlmann, to Berlin to become Secretary of Foreign Affairs. In this he acted in accord with other high influences. Mr. von Kühlmann, who took over the administration of the Foreign Office in August, 1917, was favorably received by the public and by Parliament and possessed in a peculiar degree the confidence of the Kaiser. When he returned from his autumn visit at Constantinople, he was generally looked upon as the next Imperial Chancellor or, at least, the second in succession to the present one. In his inaugural speech before the select committee for the whole of the Reichstag, Kühlmann mentioned, among other things, as a peculiar obligation resting upon his office, 'the psychological comprehension and treatment of neutrals and even of the enemy.' He represented clearly a moderate war programme.

The Pan-Germans opened a violent attack upon him all along the line. Even in the summer of 1917 the Fatherland's Party was organized to fight the 'Kühlmann policy' and the Reichstag majority which afforded constitutional support for such a policy. The new party was promoted by every demagogic stimulus and enjoyed the favor of powerful higher circles. Dr. Michaelis had neither the authority nor the disposition to resist formally these machinations, intended to undermine the position of the Government.

However, Mr. von Kühlmann was then newly seated in the saddle, supported by the favor of the Emperor and the sympathy of the Reichstag majority. With his enthusiasm and determination still undampened by disillusionment, he outlined the policy to govern a German peace during the

important conferences of the 8th, 10th, and 11th of September with the Imperial Chancellor and the heads of departments, with the Committee of the Federal Diet, with the Committee of Seven of the Reichstag, with the Kaiser himself, and with the statesmen and advisers whom he called into counsel. Upon a basis of this agreement, Germany's reply to the Pope's peace note of August last was prepared.

During those September conferences Kühlmann had assumed a very definite, statesmanlike, and far-seeing attitude toward the Belgian problem upon the adoption of which he conditioned his retention of office. Nevertheless he considered it technically imperative that this secret decision should remain secret and not be allowed to affect public opinion. This forced him to adopt a certain double standard of public conduct which had the result of unjustly exposing the Government to the charge of irresolution or the suspicion of duplicity and ulterior motives. Although this was intended to be only a temporary manoeuvre in diplomatic tactics, it developed into a fatal defect in Kühlmann's policy. For these evasive tactics permitted a psychological moment to escape and prevented the Imperial Government from acting frankly and effectively in accordance with the Reichstag resolution, the political effect of which was thereby weakened. In order to appraise Kühlmann's intentions we must remember that at the time Germany presented its reply to the Pope's peace note, with its reserved expression in relation to Belgium, the administration unofficially made another move, as a result of which Kühlmann confidently anticipated that a direct inquiry would be addressed to Germany which would call forth a frank and open reply. It was not until Christmas that this

second move was revealed to the public; and it became generally known that this movement had proved abortive either through stupid blundering or underhand hostility. This was Kühlmann's first failure. It should have given occasion for self-examination and for recognizing that his policy of handling the Belgian situation in fact differently than appeared to the public, and of concealing his true purpose, in order to hold a trump card, would not lead to practical results. His error was in fancying that he always had the last play. By Christmas, 1917, moreover, Mr. von Kühlmann was fully absorbed with the finally dawning peace in the East, which he hoped might eventually lead to a general peace.

For the rest, Secretary von Kühlmann appreciated the situation created by the peace in the East and utilized that event more prudently and with more statesmanlike insight than he did other situations. Kühlmann seized the fact that, in view of the military and anarchic collapse of Russia, the main task of the Central Powers was to prevent the important opportunity of future profit thus opening from escaping. Kühlmann weighed carefully whether it were preferable to deal with Russia as a unit, or to establish orderly relations with the separate territories that had seceded from Russia under the impulse for independence and aversion for the reign of terror in that country. The latter policy consulted the desire of the Baltic Germans, the Letts, the Estonians, and the Lithuanians to escape from the reign of disorder and assassination prevailing in Russia itself and to seek protection and security under the wing of their Western neighbor. But the fundamental thought, that the liberation of the border nations was to occur without oppressing

them or interfering with the unhampered realization of their national ideas, was ever to be emphasized. This latter was one of the most important practical tasks of German statesmanship. Kühlmann properly viewed the peace made in the East, both under its aspect as an attainment in itself alone and as opening a way to universal peace. For this reason he armed himself during the Brest-Litovsk conference with the patience and psychological insight to endure the rhetorical absurdities of Trotzky and his policy of agitation.

However, matters took a different course from that which the Secretary of State had planned. The still unsatisfactorily explained negotiations at Brest-Litovsk on the 25th and 27th of December, 1917, were followed by the peremptory change of attitude which General Hoffmann was instructed to introduce. On the 15th of February, 1918, the German decision was made at Homburg that led to the advance of our German troops into this part of Russia. Kühlmann, never endorsed this policy. History will later weigh the fact as to what advantages and what disadvantages followed from this decision. We shall have to consider how many German divisions it has been necessary to maintain in Russia, to consider whether we might not have obtained as much grain from the Ukraine through Polish and Jewish local buyers as through the German troops, who were held there by our armed intervention and created an unsolvable Ukrainian problem. In the final reckoning of history there will have to be weighed the burden of hatred which a Power enforcing military occupation incurred, and the psychological and political after-effects of this hatred upon future friendly relations. With reference to these possibilities the Secretary of

State cannot be charged with lack of insight and foresight. And he will be able to appeal to the tribunal of historical justice to have his fundamental views judged not by what actually occurred but by what might have been. In the negotiations with Rumania at Bucharest, which involved a complete revolution in Rumanian policies and government, Kühlmann manifested resolution and skill in a marked degree. And, as things are at present, the fact that the boundary controversies between Bulgaria and Turkey were left hanging in the air cannot be made a serious charge against him. Without doubt the Secretary of Foreign Affairs was seriously disappointed in the course of events in Vienna, which found expression, but not a final solution, in the resignation of Czernin, who had coöperated closely with Kühlmann.

When Mr. von Kühlmann, after his long summer absence, returned to Berlin, his power of initiative, after the various experiences he had had, was not so vigorous as in September, 1917. The riotous Pan-German attacks upon him in the hostile party press of Berlin had become still more violent. A procession of his party antagonists and their journalistic representatives marched daily through the columns of the newspapers. Their deadly fear that he might have strengthened himself through his success in these negotiations increased their hatred. Ever since Bethmann's day the tone of the conservative newspapers and pamphlets in their attacks upon the civilian representatives of the Imperial Government has shown a tendency toward increasing brutality and has seriously impaired the authority of the Foreign Office. Therefore, it was natural that the campaign against Kühlmann should stoop to the methods of journalistic thugs and

inaugurate a campaign of slander against the private life of their victim. The Pan-Germans swept up all the State refuse of gossip in Bucharest in order to create a scandal. Thus Germany has not been spared the humiliation of seeing private scandal made a political weapon against Imperial ministers by the Pan-Germans. . . . But this campaign had in fact nothing to do with the retirement of the Secretary of State.

The unavoidable confusion or intermingling of military and political acts has kept the Foreign Office and the higher army command in continual contact and has naturally created many grounds for friction between them. The Imperial Chancellor probably referred to this situation when, in addressing the select committee for the whole of the Reichstag recently, he said that 'the necessary relation of mutual confidence does not exist between the Secretary of State and the Foreign Office and the other higher powers; that mutual confidence is indispensable for the smooth conduct of public business.' This is an official acknowledgment of something that everyone either knew or suspected. Graf Hertling expressly stated that this friction was the reason why he had been obliged to dispense with Mr. von Kühlmann.

This would make it appear as if the Imperial Chancellor considered that it was the duty of the Imperial administration during the present war to settle every conflict between a civilian authority and the higher army command in favor of the latter. This is a suspicion that has disturbed both public men and the average citizen for some time past and particularly in this instance, since the retirement followed an important policy speech of Kühlmann's inspired by moderate and peace-loving senti-

ments. However, there is no good reason for judging the situation more gloomily than it actually is. The truth compels us to make it clear that Graf Hertling did not desire to repudiate these moderate sentiments and the form in which they were expressed, but in fact confirmed them as the guiding principle of imperial policy. A firm attitude toward every belligerent threat of the Western Powers, a respectful attitude towards every peaceful approach of those Powers — this is the programme of the Imperial Government. And it has been adopted, as we definitely know, with the full knowledge and approval of the extreme army command.

However, the questions which arise, for this very reason, in connection with Kühlmann's resignation are only settled so far as fundamental policies are concerned. The content, the form, and the arguments of his speech have not been considered the way their importance demanded; and the general crisis permitted the special recommendations of the late Secretary, concerning the Rumanian peace treaty and the other task upon his shoulders, to pass unobserved.

Kühlmann's speech was sound; but his failure to warm up to the subject and to give it rhetorical form prevented its having the effect that Hertling considered necessary. Consequently the Imperial Chancellor shielded the Secretary against the passionate attacks immediately made upon him in only a half-hearted way, without fully endorsing his position. This partly isolated Kühlmann. If we add to this what Graf Hertling has told us as to the lack of mutual confidence already existing within the Government, it is evident that things were previously approaching a crisis, but that Kühlmann precipitated it sooner than expected.

It was a stroke of adverse fate that Kühlmann, at the very moment when the way seemed open for freer exercise of his efforts to better the intolerable situation in Europe, should have sacrificed the opportunity by the mere form in which he presented his problems. It seems like a trick of envious fortune, but the truth that 'great policies are an art of speech' is one that I have enunciated in case of former ministerial speeches, and first of all in the case of Dr. Michaelis. In the case of Secretary Kühlmann, however, there was another critical factor. Because he insisted in his policy of not mentioning Belgium, he had to find some alternative way of showing his views. In final analysis his failure to discuss Belgium deprived all the arguments and formulæ, with which he sought to better the European situation, of their virtue. Graf Hertling was immediately forced to correct the situation with respect to Belgium, but his fragmentary announcement was not able to accomplish what a spontaneous attitude would have accomplished a year previous.

Quite apart from considerations affecting Kühlmann is the peculiar situation in which the Imperial Government finds itself as a result of this occurrence. While a conflict would have been invited had the Government endorsed Kühlmann's policy, the sacrifice of Kühlmann's policy would imperil the whole platform of Hertling's cabinet. Hertling met this situation with a skill worthy of a statesman and remained true to his principles and to his alliance with the majority of the Reichstag.

Two things are certain: The actions of von Kühlmann's successor will be subject to constant critical inspection, and the late Secretary of Foreign Affairs has not lost the good will of the people at large through the incidents that have accompanied his retirement.

What he lacks in aggressive force will now be explained on the ground of the resistance he encountered, which manifested itself so plainly at the time of his retirement. The people at large do not view a situation through a microscope; and the opinion has become established that Mr. von Kühlmann was forced to give up because he made a speech too frankly favorable to peace. Furloughed men coming back from the front hold these same views. Kühlmann's successor must avoid encouraging this popular view. It will be particularly necessary in the interest of the Government to outline clearly and definitely policies, in order to clear away the doubts and suspicions which the crisis has occasioned and which its solution has by no means removed.

From the constitutional point of view an imperative demand presents itself. The situation may be relieved momentarily by the Chancellor's tactful and rhetorical declaration, — 'I determine policies,' — to reassure the people in their uncertainty concerning the new Secretary of Foreign Affairs. From a constitutional point of view this is satisfactory and it is accurate from a textbook standpoint. But a minister of foreign affairs who has no personal responsibility, who is a mere clerk and subordinate, is only half a man and is too small for the place. He has not that measure of authority which the man representing the Empire in foreign affairs must have during a great war. Such authority is indispensable in dealing with our allies, in dealing with neutrals and enemies, and in maintaining a secretary's position with respect to other authorities that possess a very high degree of independence; it is indispensable, furthermore, in dealing with Parliament and the nation at large, which should above all things be

able to regard the man at the helm of the Foreign Office as a person of real importance. The fact that we have no constitutional Imperial Minister of Foreign Affairs is responsible for many of the serious political inci-

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dents of the last twenty-eight years. Let us consider a remedy before the force of circumstances and some explosive eruption in the political constitution of the world at large, forces it upon us.

ROBERT BRIDGES AND THE POETIC ART

BY LAURENCE BINYON

AN artist writing on his art is always interesting. He speaks with an authority to which no mere critic can lay claim. Whatever the Poet Laureate has to say about poetry must therefore engage our interest and attention; for very few of our poets have been more learned in their art. 'The Necessity of Poetry' is the title Mr. Bridges gives to an address read to a Welsh audience of workmen. It is full of pregnant matter, such as could hardly come fully home to any audience at a single hearing. It is well that it should be printed, for it repays leisurely and careful reading.

Shelley wrote a 'Necessity of Atheism' and a 'Defense of Poetry.' The first is said to have been a dry argument, the second is eloquent and impassioned. Mr. Bridges is more cordially persuaded of the human need for poetry than Shelley in his raw dogmatic youth could have been of the need for atheism; but he abstains from Shelley's glowing eloquence in vindication and praise of poetry and its function in the world; he aims rather at plain statement, but he cannot help saying fresh and illuminating things by the way.

In England poetry is not commonly thought of as an art but rather as a sort of spontaneous ebullition of emotion, with something of an implicit antithesis between art and inspiration. It is true that a great artist like Milton can keep unfailing his noble style, even when his matter is not inspiring, while a poet like Wordsworth, when he is not inspired, falls to prosy earth. Yet the greatest art has most of inspiration, as we readily recognize in the case of music and painting; an inspiration which animates and shapes the entire work. And Wordsworth is not a greater poet for being unsure and intermittent in his art, which fails him when his inspiration also fails. I fancy that English people, and people of Northern race in general, are apt to believe that a poet like Horace, whose art seems everything, would have been less of an artist if he had been more of a poet. I do not think this is true. But it is certainly true that a poet of this type, congenial to the traditions of the Latin races, can be a wonderful artist without having much of what is commonly associated with the poetic spirit; and the above-mentioned antithesis has this much of justification.

In the very interesting memoir of his school friend Dolben, a young poet who died on the threshold of manhood, Mr. Bridges has told us how he first approached poetry. While Dolben regarded poetry from the emotional, he regarded it from the artistic side. His friend liked poetry on account of the power it had of exciting his valued emotions. 'What has led me to poetry was the inexhaustible satisfaction of form, the magic of speech, lying as it seemed to me in the masterly control of the material; it was an art which I hoped to learn. An instinctive rightness was essential; but, given that, I did not suppose that the poet's emotions were in any way better than mine, nor mine than another's. . . . I think that Dolben imagined poetic form to be the naïve outcome of peculiar personal emotion. . . . There is a point in art where these two ways merge and unite, but in apprenticeship they are opposite approaches.' Mr. Bridges has never ceased to regard poetry as an art, and long ago won the mastery he hoped for as a boy. The 'peculiar personal emotion' is not lacking in his verse; but he does not rely for inspiration on the intensity of emotion, and of facile or uncontrolled emotion he has, we feel, a proud disdain. These characteristics may explain why Mr. Bridges is not a 'popular' poet. The emotions he expresses are such as only finely organized natures can feel with; and his art is so delicate, so abhorrent of easy effectiveness or vehement emphasis — all that is commonly called 'striking' — that its felicity and resource pass unperceived by many readers. None the less, every year adds to the number of those who find themselves turning again to the shorter poems with a pleasure that is ever fresh. The secret of the charm of Mr. Bridges's lyrics may seem difficult to explain; there is

an elusive simplicity about them; but we come to love them, as we love some English garden that we know, or some corner of English country; they do not force their beauties on our notice, they have a kind of shyness; but they yield an intimate delight, which, once found, is lasting. A perfect sincerity is matched by an exquisite truth and precision. And behind a certain austerity of manner we come to feel a deep reality of feeling. No English poet has given in his verse so true a taste of English country, its grays and greens, its silvery horizons, its rich quiet, its lanes and flowers, above all its trees and singing birds; none has noted so unerringly the features of its seasons.

In some of his later poems Mr. Bridges gives us glimpses of his boyhood, at Walmer on the Kentish coast. In one he describes the summer-house from which he used to watch through a telescope the shipping in the roads; and how one noon in March, Napier's fleet came on its way to the Baltic (it was the time of the Crimean War).

Cloudless the sky and calm and blue the
 sea
 As round Saint Margaret's cliff mysteriously
 Those murderous queens walking in Sab-
 bath sleep
 Glided in line upon the windless deep.

And again of the Duke of Wellington,
 'whose white hairs in this my earliest
 scene had scarce more honored than
 accustomed been,'

I had seen his castle-flag to fall half-mast
 One morn as I sat looking on the sea,
 When thus all England's grief came first to
 me
 Who hold my childhood favored that I
 knew
 So well the face that won at Waterloo.

In one of the shorter poems there is another reminiscence, tinged with

a sort of mystical feeling not often found in the poet's verse.

By such a stony breaking beach
My childhood chanced and chose to be,
'T was here I played and musing made
My friend the melancholy sea.
He from his dim enchanted caves
With shuddering roar and onrush wild
Fell down in sacrificial waves
At feet of his exulting child.

And in this latest pamphlet Mr. Bridges tells us of the singular fascination which music and musical instruments had for him as a boy. Unlike many poets, he has not only a passion for music, but a learned understanding of musical art. The memoir of Dolben, from which I have quoted, tells of his days at Eton. At that time Tennyson was in his heyday of triumphant fame: but Mr. Bridges even then had a fine independence of judgment. He loved some of Tennyson's early lyrics, yet 'when I heard *The Idylls of the King* praised as if they were the final attainment of all poetry, then I drew into my shell.' 'I was abhorrent towards Ruskin,' he tells us, and 'as for Browning, I had no leanings towards him.' At this time Mr. Bridges and some of his most intimate friends were strongly affected by the Oxford Movement: he grew out of his Puseyism, and read science, but a naturally religious temperament colors all his verse. At Oxford he was a noted figure among his contemporaries, but chiefly as a famous athlete: he stroked the Corpus boat and took it head of the river. After some fifteen years, in London, of the practice of medicine, Mr. Bridges retired to the country.

Far sooner I would choose
The life of brutes that bask
Than set myself a task
Which inborn powers refuse:
And rather far enjoy
The body, than invent
A duty, to destroy
The ease which nature sent;

And country life I praise
And lead, because I find
The philosophic mind
Can take no middle ways;
She will not leave her love
To mix with men, her art
Is all to strive above
The crowd, or stand apart.

A kind of lordly indolence combines with fastidious independence in the poet's temperament. Yet there was nothing morose in this retirement. Few have sung so well of the happy hours; and this perhaps is rather resented by those who like to sorrow vicariously through their favorite poets.

Mr. Bridges married in 1884, the daughter of Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., the architect, and settled at Yattendon, a pleasant village among the Berkshire woods and downs. His house was the old manor house, with a garden whose 'spicy pinks' are recalled to the memory of those who knew it in reading many of the poems, especially the beautiful 'Garden in September.' Here many a younger writer was invited to enjoy a kindly hospitality, which, with its talk and wine and music, made one think of Milton's sonnet inviting his friend to supper 'in attic taste' and music afterwards — warbling of 'immortal notes and Tuscan air.' For the Poet Laureate is a friend to aspiring youth, an encourager of adventure and experiment. He keeps a boyish elasticity; likes fun and hates pomposity. He has prejudices and aversions and sometimes expresses perverse or eccentric opinions with which he is not loath to startle dull company. He is very English.

Of late years Mr. Bridges has lived on the wooded hills above Oxford, where he built himself a house overlooking the beautiful city in the valley. But during the war the house was accidentally burned down. Mr. Bridges walked up from Oxford one afternoon to find his home in flames. He has

borne the loss philosophically. Happily the music room or library, built as a separate wing, was not destroyed. The house stood close to Chilswell Farm, by which the Scholar-Gypsy used to pass in climbing the hill from Nether Hinksey.

For some years Mr. Bridges's poems were issued from a private press, that of his friend Mr. Daniel, now Provost of Worcester, and were known to but a few. It was in 1890, the year of their first publication, that I first made the acquaintance of the shorter poems. I remember being captured by the subtle charm of the verse, which differed so entirely from the Victorian poetry and its continuators. It carried one back to the severer, simpler style of older poetry, yet had a new flavor of its own. Here was a poet who evoked pictures in the mind and who did not think it necessary to moralize them by some tagged reflection; they were to justify themselves by the mood their beauty created. That was refreshing. Those who craved for the urgent 'message,' for the vigor of rhetoric and epigram, or for the decorations of poetry, might find these lyrics tenuous, almost impalpable, in their matter. But I could never understand the criticism, so common, that wants poets to be different from what they are. Each true poet is unique; it is his uniqueness that is delightful. The shorter poems were unlike anything else in our poetry. Their distinguishing charm was their choiceness; a choiceness even of limitation, a chosen abstinence from stress and struggle, a chosen felicity. Even when the verse revived the grace of forgotten models, it was of models new to English poetry — forms of cadences chosen from Italian, Spanish, or old French. Familiarity with these lyrics and with 'The Growth of Love,' that

noble series of sonnets which will gain more lovers as time goes on, makes me prize above all the wholeness of fine texture which is theirs, the inner beauty of form which comes, I suppose, from 'instinctive rightness.' Mr. Bridges, so English in temperament, seems rather a Latin in the genius of his art. Taste is a positive element in it, not merely an instinct of avoidance. You do not find loose workmanship in him, or loose thinking. The epithets are delicate and precise, never ornamental, never unmeaning. The rhymes are fresh, yet not strained or bizarre. But above all it is the rhythms that are masterly and original. What a revelation was the first reading of the 'Dead Child' and 'London Snow' and 'The Downs,' poems now very well known and accepted with delight by innocent as by educated ears, but in those days a puzzle and a stumbling-block to the learned who insisted on scanning them. They were the revelation of a new world of rhythm to be explored. And the younger poets of to-day, whether they are conscious of it or not, owe a debt of liberation to Mr. Bridges. You see the leaven working everywhere now. It is the rich variety of speech-rhythms which Mr. Bridges has brought into verse with so salutary an effect; for such rhythms lend themselves to all sorts of themes and moods and each poet will use them in his own way. Swinburne's marvellous inventiveness in metre, on the other hand, has produced only imitations of Swinburnian manner.

A casual and superficial reader might think Mr. Bridges, with his fondness for certain archaisms and his aloofness from current fashions in the subject matter of poetry, rather old-fashioned and conservative. But in reality he has proved a fruitful innovator. He is an advocate of drastic

change in many things. He has the Latin gift of logical analysis, and was the first, I think, to expose the illogical compromise which English prosody, like most English institutions, embodies. He is also extremely alive to the degradation of the sounds of speech in the England of to-day. Mr. Bernard Shaw, you may remember, took hints from Mr. Bridges in portraying the professor of phonetics who is the hero of one of his recent plays. The translation from Virgil and other exercises in classical prosody were prompted by these interests; and the experiments, whether they please or not, 'reveal a vast unexplored field of delicate and expressive rhythm hitherto unknown in our poetry.' If readers would only take these poems in this spirit, they would at least find them interesting. But most people prefer their prejudices and old habits to any new enlightenment.

Here I would like to quote one of Mr. Bridges's recent poems, not yet included in his collected works.

FLYCATCHERS

Sweet pretty fledglings, perched on the
rail arow,
Expectantly happy, where ye can watch
below
Your parents a-hunting i' the meadow
grasses
All the gay morning to feed you with flies.

Ye recall me a time sixty summers ago,
When a young chubby chap I sat just so
With others on a school-form rank'd in a
row,
Not less eager and hungry than you, I trow,
With intelligences agape and eyes aglow,
While an authoritative old wiseacre
Stood over us and from a desk fed us with
flies.

Dead flies — such as litter the library
south window,
That buzzed at the panes until they fell
stiff-baked on the sill,
Or are rolled up asleep i' the blinds at
sunrise,
Or wafer'd flat in a shrunken folio.

A dry biped he was, nurtured likewise
On skins and skeletons, stale from top to
toe
With all manner of rubbish and all manner
of lies.

This poem was the one with which Mr. Bridges unconventionally inaugurated his Laureateship. And as Poet Laureate he has certainly spared us the perfunctory odes associated with that office; a precedent we may hope will be followed. It is perhaps characteristic that the two public addresses he has given since the war have been delivered to working-class audiences. The latest of these, the 'Necessity of Poetry,' raises so many interesting questions that I wish I had space to discuss some of them. Words — the material of poetry — are discussed first as ideas, then as sounds. There is a very suggestive account of ideas in the mind, and the gradual formation of concepts; and it is maintained that these concepts have a spontaneous life and growth of their own; 'a genius is a man whose mind has most of a right spontaneous activity of the concepts among themselves.' Poetry uses our conceptions in their natural condition, 'it neither trims them nor rationalizes them.' In the account of the values of words, as sounds, an appeal is made to the magnificent results attained by the great poetic metres as sufficient vindication of the fact that poetry has confined itself to metre — though 'the best prose is, in its rhythmic quality, superior to a poorly constructed poem.' Lastly, there are passages on diction and the order of words, well worth studying and taking to heart by any young writer. But this indicates only the bare outline of the address.

If in this brief article I have had to confine myself to certain aspects only of Mr. Bridges's work, it is because I wished to emphasize the value of

his example for all poetic students; the devotion to his art, the absence of the amateurishness and slovenliness which we are all rather prone to indulge and condone, the soundness of form and of texture. This learned art leads some who have no real knowledge of Mr. Bridges's poetry to think of him as engrossed in externals of

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style; but he is anything but academic in reality. His work does not lend itself to telling quotations of single lines and phrases; but those who have learned to love it recognize the inner beauty residing in it, the spontaneous invention, and behind these the tenderness of assured strength and the presence of a lofty spirit.

RETRIBUTION

BY KLAXON

A WONDERFULLY deep-blue sea stretched away to meet a light-blue sky, which was dotted with soft wool-like patches of cloud. There was a slight smooth swell from the southwest, and the air was cool and salt-laden. Looking from the conning tower the hull of the boat could be clearly seen as she rose and fell to the waves, the sunlight flashing back steel-blue from her gray side six feet below the surface. It was a day that showed the sea at its best — a high northern latitude in June, and a high barometer producing conditions under which it seemed to be a shame to be at war.

There were two men on the submarine's conning tower. The smaller of the two was her Captain, a fair-haired man with a Prussian name which seemed hardly to fit in with his Norse features. The other man hailed from Bavaria — a tall, thin, large-headed individual, with wide-set eyes, and a nose and lower lip that hinted of Semitic ancestry. The big U-boat jogged along at half speed, beating

up and down in erratic courses — keeping always to a water area of perhaps ten miles square.

The two officers leaned against a rail, their heads and shoulders twisting and turning continuously as they watched the distant horizon. Each carried heavy Zeiss glasses slung round the neck, and from time to time one of them would search carefully the western sea and sky, his doing so invariably infecting his companion into doing the same. The U-boat was running with a little less than half her normal cruising buoyancy — for speed of diving and not surface speed was the important qualification for her for that day. From the open conning tower lid came the dull hum of the engines; while as the boat rolled, a shaft of sunlight, shining down the tower itself, sent a circle of yellow light swinging slowly from side to side across the deck beneath the eyepiece of the periscope.

'Is it a big convoy this time, sir?' The First Lieutenant spoke without checking his continual twisting and

turning as he glanced at every point of the skyline in turn.

'Yes, it is a big convoy. But there is no doubt of their course or their speed. We shall be among them before the sunset.'

'You would not then dive? That is, if you are sure——'

'I do not dive till I am sure. And also we will want all the battery power we have before the dark. Did I not say it was a big convoy?'

'You think there will be a big escort?'

'We will see. I know it will be an escort I do not like to take a chance with.'

The Lieutenant fidgeted awhile, his glasses at his eyes. His Captain looked at his profile and at the glint of perspiration on the slightly shaking hands, and yawned. His face as he swung round again to scan the horizon astern looked bored and perhaps a little lonely. A submarine is a small ship in which to coop up incompatible natures, and the terrible losses of personnel in the Imperial submarine service had sadly reduced the standard of officers. He felt sometimes as if he were an anachronism, an officer of 1914 who had miraculously lasted four years. He felt that it had been only the fact that a misdemeanor had caused him to be driven forth to the big ships for two years that had saved him from sharing the unknown fate of his contemporaries. Well, he reflected, it was only a matter of time before he would join them. The law of averages was stronger than his luck, wonderful though the latter had been. He extracted a cigar from his case and reached out a hand to take his subordinate's proffered match box. As he did so he glanced again at his companion's face, and a sudden feeling of understanding, and perhaps a touch of compassion, made him ask:

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'Well, Müller? You have something that worries you. What is it, then?'

The First Lieutenant turned and took a careful glance round the circle of empty ocean. Then his speech came with a rush —

'I want to know what you think, sir. You don't seem to worry about it. I know you can do nothing more — that one can only do one's work as best one can and all that — but I still feel restless. How is it going to end? We are winning? Yes — oh, yes, we are winning, but we have done that four years, and how far have we got? Before I came into submarines I believed all they told us, but now I know that we are not strangling England at sea, and that we never can now. What are we going to do next? Is it to go on and on until we have no boats left? Gott! I want to do something that will frighten them — something that will make them understand what we are — something that will make them scream for pity.' He paused, gulped, and stared again out to the westward. The Captain straightened himself up against the rail and stretched his arms out in another prodigious yawn.

'My good Müller,' he said, 'you cannot carry the cares of Germany on your back. Leave that to the Chancellor. One can be sufficiently patriotic by doing one's work and not asking questions that others cannot answer. As to the submarine war — well, blame the men who would not let the Emperor have his way, that hindered him when he would have built an equal fleet to the English. I do not mean the Socialists — I mean others as well. I mean men who grudged money for the navy because they wanted it for the army. Curse the army! If we had had a big fleet we would have won the war in a year, but now — ach! Look now, Müller —

you have read Lichnowsky's Memoirs. Yes, I know you are not allowed to, but I know you have. Now I say that what he says at the end is true — that the Anglo-Saxon race is going to rule the West and the sea, that we shall only rule Middle Europe, and we were *fools* to play for Middle Europe when we might have had the sea. We would now give all the Russias and Rumania and all our gains just for Gibraltar and Bermuda, for if we had those stations all the rest would come to us. We fight now for our honor, but if it were not for that — and that is everything — we would give our enemies good terms.'

'But if that is true — if we can gain no more — we have lost the war!'

The Captain shrugged. 'We will have won what we do not want, and lost all that we do; but we shall have won, I suppose. It depends on our diplomatists. If we can get but a few coaling stations we shall have won, for it would all come to us when we were ready again. But you will not gain a victory by a great stroke as you say you wish, Müller. The war is too big now for single strokes, and the English will not scream for mercy now because of frightfulness. They are angry, and they hate us now.'

'But you yourself have sunk a liner, and you showed them as she sank that the orders of Germany must be obeyed.'

The Captain's face did not alter at all. 'I did do so, and I would do so again. My honor is clear, because I obeyed my orders. Would you have dared to question?'

'No — by God! and I would do it gladly.' The Lieutenant's face worked, and he scowled as he glanced astern. 'I would wish that every ship of every convoy carried women.'

The Captain laughed almost genially. 'It is easy to see you are not a

Prussian,' he said. 'It does not matter whether you like or dislike a thing. All that counts is whether or not it is to the advantage of the State. So the Roman World-Empire was made. Myself, I doubt if killing women pays us; there is this talk now of the boycott of Germany after the war. They add time to the boycott for every time we fire on ships that are helpless, and the boycott is to be by sailors. I would laugh at such a threat if it was from any others, but sailors are not to be laughed at. They are likely to mean what they say. It is as I said: If we had fought to the West and to the sea, no man would have dared to threaten us with a sea-boycott now.'

'But even with our small navy we have held the English checked. It is not our navy that is lacking. What is it, then?'

'It is the navy. It should have been as big as the English fleet. And the men — Gott! Müller. I tell you, if we had done the Zeebrugge attack ourselves, and I had been there, I would feel that my honor and the navy's honor was safe, that we could stop and make peace. I would be proud to die on such a service, and I envy the Englishmen we buried when it was over.'

'But this is — Herr Capitan, you talk as if you were an Engländer —'

The Captain whirled on him, his eyes sparkling dangerously. '*Dummkopf!*' he said. 'Report me if you like. I hate the English and I love my Fatherland, but report me if you like. Ach! You may report me in hell, too; for I know — I know —'

He stopped suddenly and tilted back his head to listen. The First Lieutenant shrank back from him, his mouth open and his hands feeling for the periscope support. A faint murmur of sound came down wind from the fleecy cloudbanks to the

west. The Captain jumped to the opening of the conning tower and stood, impatient and anxious by the lip, until his Lieutenant had slipped and scrambled half-way down the ladder.

Then he jumped down himself, pulling the lid to after him. Simultaneously there came a rush and roar of air from venting tanks, the stern of the boat rose very slightly as her bow-gun went under, and in twenty seconds the submarine was gone, and the bubbles and foam of her passage were fading into the level blue of the empty sea. A minute later she showed a foot of periscope a cable's length away, and a small airship topped the western horizon and came slowly along towards her. The periscope vanished again, and forty feet below the surface the Captain watched a gauge needle beside the periscope creep round its dial inch by inch till it quivered and steadied at the forty-metre mark.

'Diving hands only. Fall out the rest. Remain near your stations. Lower the periscope.' The First Lieutenant barked out a repetition of each order as the Captain spoke. There was a shuffling of feet, some guttural conversation that spoke of a flicker of curiosity among the men of the crew, and then all was quiet but for the hum of motors and the occasional rattle of gearing as the hydroplane wheels were moved. The Captain moved forward to the ward room, removing his scarf and heavy pilot-cloth coat as he walked. 'Order some food, Müller,' he said. 'I'm hungry — that airship was farther ahead of them than usual.' He threw himself down in a long folding chair and stretched out his sea-booted legs. 'I won't come up to look now until I hear them. Relieve the listeners every half-hour, Müller. I want to have good warning. We should hear a big

convoy like this at twenty miles to-day.' The curtain-rings clashed and a seaman spoke excitedly as he entered. The Captain nodded and reached out to the table for his coffee cup. 'Just the bearing we expected,' he said, 'but if they sound as faint as he says there's time to get something to eat first.'

It was a big new standard ship which drew the unlucky card in the game of 'browning shots.' The torpedo hit her well forward, its tell-tale track being unperceived in the slight running swell until too late. A big bubble of water rose abreast the break of the forecastle till it reached deck-level, then it broke and flung a column of spray, black smoke, and fragments skyward. As the ship cleared the smoke-haze, she was obviously down by the head and steering wildly. Two auxiliary patrol vessels closed on her at full speed, and the nearest freighter increased speed and cut in ahead of her in readiness either to tow or screen. The torpedoed ship, after yawing vaguely for a few minutes, steadied back to the convoy's course, slowing her engines till she only just retained steerage way. There was a rapid exchange of signals between her and the escort vessels, and then an R.N. Commander on an adjacent bridge gave a sigh of relief. 'Good man that,' he said. 'We'll have him in dry dock to-morrow. It has n't flurried him a bit, and I like his nerve.'

The explosion had caused more than the salvage vessels to leap into activity. The white track of the torpedo showed clearly after it had gone home, and the first to take action was a tramp, across whose bows the track passed. The tramp was a ship of the early 'nineties, and her full speed was at the most nine knots, but her skip-

per at once jammed her helm hard over to steer along the torpedo wake with a somewhat optimistic hope of ramming. Two destroyers and an armed auxiliary did the same thing, with the result that the tramp skipper found himself suddenly in the cross-wash of the warships as they passed him at a few yards' distance at twenty knots. Somebody on the bridge of one of them screamed a profane warning at him through a megaphone, and the skipper, after a hurried glance at the quivering destroyers' sterns, jumped to the telegraph and stopped his engines. A couple of seconds later his ship shook to a great detonation, and a mighty column of water rose and broke close ahead of him. He starboarded his helm and swung round after the rest of the convoy, his ship shaking to successive explosions as more escorting vessels arrived at the spot where he had turned.

As his torpedoes left the tubes the U-boat Captain barked out an order. The attack had been fairly simple, but his hardest problem was only beginning. The boat's bow dipped sharply in answer to the tilted hydroplanes, and she began her long slide down to the two-hundred-foot mark. She had got to fifty before a sound like a great hammer striking the hull told them of a successful torpedo-run. The Captain looked up from his watch and smiled. A moment later he was watching the gauges with a grave and impassive face. He knew that the fact of his torpedo hitting would mean greater difficulty for him in the next few hours than he would have known had he missed altogether. At a hundred feet the first depth-charge exploded, smashing gauge-glasses, electric lamps, and throwing a couple of men off their feet. The boat rocked and rolled under the shock, while

orders were roared through voice-pipes for more emergency lights to be switched on. More charges exploded as the boat slid downwards, but each charge was farther away than the last. The half-light of the hand-lamps round the periscope showed the source of a sound of pouring waters — two rivets had been blown right out of the inner hull close before the conning tower. The Captain shouted orders, and the submarine leveled off her angle and checked at the fifty-metre line, while two men began frantically to break away the woodwork which stretched overhead and prevented the rivet holes being plugged. At that depth the water poured in through the holes in solid bars, hitting the deck, bouncing back and spreading everywhere in a heavy spray which drenched circuits and wires.

'Müller! where the devil are you? Start the pumps — I can't help it if they hear us. Start the pumps, fool!'

'But you will come up? You will —'

'*Schweinhund! Gehorsamkeit! Go!*'

The pumps began to stamp and clatter as they drove the entering water out again, but above the noise of the pumps the Captain could hear the roaring note of propellers rushing far overhead. If it had not been for those infernal rivets, he thought, he would have been at three hundred feet by now, but he could not risk the extra wetting which a pressure of a hundred and thirty pounds to the inch on the entering water would give to his circuits. The weight of extra water in the bilges was nothing — he could deal with that — though the thought of the six hundred-odd fathoms of water between him and the bottom was a thing to remember anxiously in case of his getting negative buoyancy; but if this continual spray of salt water reached his motor

circuits it would be fatal. He cursed the men who were vainly trying to block the rivet holes with wood wedges, and jumping on the periscope table he tried to guide the end of a short plank, intended as a baffle-plate, across the stream. As he stood working, a terrific concussion shook the U-boat from stem to stern. The bows rose till men began to slip aft down the wet deck, and from aft came a succession of cries and shouted orders, 'Close all doors! the after-hatch is falling in — come up and surrender — *Lass uns heraus!*' The Captain rose from the deck beneath the eye-piece, shaky from his fall from the table. He hardly dared look at the gauge, but he kept his head and his wits as he gave his orders. With the motors roaring round at their utmost power and an angle up by the bow of some fifteen degrees, the U-boat held her own, and as tank after tank was blown empty, she slowly gained on the depth gauge and began to climb. As she rose, she was shaken again and again by the powerful depth-charges that were being dropped on the broken water left by the air-bubble from her after compartment — a surface mark now a quarter of a mile astern.

Beneath the conning tower more and more men were gathering, some calm, some white, trembling, and voluble. The boat broke surface with her stem and half her conning tower showing, then leveled a little and tore along with the waves foaming round her conning tower and bridge. From inside they could clearly hear the

shells that greeted her, and in a moment there was a rush of men up the ladder. Among the first few the Captain saw his First Lieutenant's legs vanish upwards, and at the sight a sneering smile showed on his sun-burnt face. The first man to open the lid died as he did so, for a four-inch shell removed the top of the conning tower before he was clear of it. The escort was taking no chances as to whether the boat's appearance on the surface was intentional or accidental, and they were making the water for a hundred yards around her fairly boil with bursting shell. As the boat tore ahead, holding herself up on her angle and her speed, a few men struggled out of her one by one past the torn body of the first man to get out. Two of them leaped instantly overboard, but the next clawed his way up to a rail, and while others scrambled and fought their way overside, and shells crashed and burst below and around him on water and conning-tower casing, he stood upright a moment with arms raised high above his head. At the signal the firing ceased as if a switch had been turned by a single hand, and he subsided in a huddled heap on the bridge as the riddled submarine ran under. Down below the Captain still smiled, leaning with his elbows on the periscope training-handles and watching the hurrying men at the ladder's foot, until the great rush of water and men, that showed that the end had come, swept him aft and away across the borderline of sleep.

'WELL DONE!'

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

It can be safely said that for the last four years the seamen of Great Britain have done well. I mean that every kind and sort of human being classified as seaman: steward, foremast hand, fireman, lamp-trimmer, mate, master, and all through the innumerable ratings of the navy up to that of admiral has done well. I don't say marvelously well or miraculously well or wonderfully well or even very well, because these are simply expressions of ignorance, over-statements of undisciplined minds. I don't deny that a man may be a marvelous being, but that is not likely to be discovered in his lifetime, and not always even after he is dead. Man's marvelousness is a hidden thing, because the secrets of the heart are not to be read by his fellows. As to a man's work, if it is done well it is the very highest that can be said. You can do well, and you can do no more for people to see. In the navy, where human values are thoroughly understood, the highest signal of commendation complimenting a ship (that is, a ship's company) on some achievement consists exactly of those two simple words, 'Well done,' followed by the name of the ship. Not marvelously done, astonishingly done, wonderfully done — no, only just:

'Well done, so-and-so.'

And to the men it is a matter of infinite pride that somebody should judge it proper to mention aloud, as it were, that they have done well. It is a memorable occurrence, for in the sea services you are expected profes-

sionally and as a matter of course to do well, because nothing less will do. And in sober speech no man can be expected to do more than well. The superlatives are mere signs of uninformed wonder. Thus the official signal which can express nothing but a delicate shade of appreciation becomes a great honor.

Speaking as a purely civil seaman (or, perhaps, I ought to say civilian, because politeness is not what I have in my mind), I may say that I have never expected the merchant service to do otherwise than well during the war. There were people who obviously did not feel the same confidence, nay, who even confidently expected to see the collapse of merchant seamen's courage. I must admit that such pronouncements did arrest my attention. In my time I have never been able to detect any craven hearts in the ships' companies with whom I have served in various capacities. But I reflected that I had left the sea in '94, twenty years before the outbreak of the war that was to apply its severe test to the quality of modern seamen. Perhaps they had deteriorated, I said, unwillingly to myself. I remembered also the alarmist articles I had read about the great number of foreigners in the British merchant service, and I did n't know how far they were justified.

In my time the proportion of non-Britishers in the crews of the ships flying the red ensign was rather under one third, which, as a matter for fact, was less than the proportion allowed

under the very strict French navigation laws for the crews of the ships of that nation. For the strictest laws aiming at the preservation of national seamen had to recognize the difficulties of manning merchant ships all over the world. The one third of the French law seemed to be the irreducible minimum. But the British proportion was even less. Thus it may be said that up to the date I have mentioned the crews of British merchant ships engaged in deep water voyages to Australia, to East Indies, and round the Horn were essentially British. The small proportion of foreigners which I remember were mostly Scandinavians, and my general impression remains that those men were good stuff. They appeared always able and ready to do their duty by the flag under which they served. The majority were Norwegians, whose courage and straightness of character are matters beyond doubt.

I remember also a couple of Finns, both carpenters, of course, and very good craftsmen; a Swede, the most scientific sailmaker I ever met; another Swede, a steward, who really might have been called a British seaman since he had sailed out of London for over thirty years, a rather superior person; one Italian, an everlastingly smiling but a pugnacious character; one Frenchman, a most excellent sailor, tireless and indomitable under very difficult circumstance; and in all those years, also, one Hollander, whose placid manner of looking at the ship going to pieces under our feet I will never forget, and one young, colorless, muscularly very strong German, of no particular character.

Of non-European crews, Lascars and Kalashes, I have had very little experience, and that was only in one steamship and for something less than a year. It was on the same occasion

that I had my only sight of Chinese firemen. Sight is the exact word. One did n't speak to them. One saw them going along the decks, to and fro, characteristic figures with rolled-up pigtails, very grimy when coming off duty and very clean-faced when going on duty. They never looked at anybody, and one never had occasion to address them directly. Their appearances in the light of day were very regular and yet somewhat ghostlike in their detachment and silence.

But of the white crews of British ships and almost exclusively British in blood and descent the immediate predecessors of the men whose worth the nation has discovered for itself to-day, I have had a thorough experience. At first among them, then with them, I shared all the conditions of their very special life. For it was very special. In my early days, starting out on a voyage was like being launched into eternity. I say advisedly eternity instead of space, because of that boundless silence which swallowed up one for 80 days — for 100 days — for 180 days, and even yet more days of an existence without echoes and whispers. Like eternity itself! For one can't conceive a vocal eternity. Enormous silences, in which there was nothing to connect one with the universe but the incessant wheeling about of the sun and other celestial bodies, the alternation of light and shadow, eternally chasing each other over the sky. The time of the earth, though most carefully proclaimed by the half-hourly bells, did not count in reality.

It was a special life, and the men were a very special kind of men. By this I don't mean to say they were more complex than the generality of mankind. Neither were they very much simpler. I have already admitted that man is a marvelous creature,

and no doubt those particular men were marvelous enough in their way. But in their collective capacity they can be best defined as men who lived under the command to do well, or perish utterly. I have written of them with all the truth that was in me, and with all the impartiality of which I was capable. Let me not be misunderstood in this statement. Affection can be very exacting, and can easily miss fairness on the critical side. I have looked upon them with a jealous eye, expecting perhaps even more than it was strictly fair to expect. And no wonder — since I had elected to be one of them very deliberately, very completely, without any looking back or looking elsewhere.

The circumstances were such as to give me the feeling of complete identification, a very vivid comprehension that if I was n't one of them I was nothing at all. But what was most difficult to detect was the nature of the deep impulses which these men obeyed. What spirit was it that inspired the unflinching manifestations of their simple fidelity? No outward cohesive force of compulsion or discipline was holding them together or had ever shaped their unexpressed standards. It was very mysterious. At last I came to the conclusion that it must be something in the nature of the life itself; the sea life chosen blindly, embraced for the most part accidentally by those men who appeared but a loose agglomeration of individuals toiling for their living away from the eyes of mankind. Who can tell how a tradition comes into the world? We are children of the earth. It may be that the noblest tradition is but the offspring of material conditions, of the hard necessities besetting men's sinful lives. But once it has been born it soon becomes a spirit. Nothing can extinguish its force then.

Clouds of craven selfishness, the subtle dialectics of revolt or fear, may obscure it for a time, but in very truth it remains an immortal ruler invested with the power of honor and shame.

The mysteriously born tradition of seacraft commands unity in a body of workers engaged in an occupation in which men have to depend upon each other. It raises them, so to speak, above the frailties of their mortal selves. I don't wish to be suspected of lack of judgment and of blind enthusiasm. I don't claim special morality or even special manliness for the men who in my time really lived at sea, and in this time live at any rate mostly at sea. But in their qualities as well as in their defects, in their weaknesses as well as in their 'virtue,' there was indubitably something apart. They were never exactly of the earth earthy. They could n't be that. Chance or desire (mostly desire) had set them apart, often in their very childhood, and what is to be remarked is that from the very nature of things this early appeal, this early desire, had to be of an imaginative kind. Thus their simple minds had a sort of sweetness. They were in a way preserved. I am not alluding here to the preserving qualities of the salt in the sea. The salt of the sea is a very good thing in its way; it prevents one catching a beastly cold while one remains wet for weeks together in the 'roaring forties.'

In sober, unpoetical truth the sea-salt never gets much further than the seaman's skin, which in certain latitudes it takes the opportunity to encrust very thoroughly. That and nothing more. And then, what is that sea, the subject of so many apostrophes in verse and prose addressed to its greatness and its mystery by men who had never penetrated either the one or the other? The sea

is uncertain, arbitrary, featureless, and violent. Except when helped by the varied majesty of the skies, there is something inane in its serenity and something stupid in its wrath, which is endless, boundless, persistent, and futile—a gray, hoary thing raging like an old ogre uncertain of its prey. Its very immensity is wearisome. At any time within the navigating centuries mankind might have addressed it with the words: 'What are you, after all? Oh, yes, we know. The greatest scene of potential terror, a devouring enigma of space. Yes. But our lives have been nothing if not a continuous defiance of what you can do and what you may hold, a spiritual and material defiance carried on in our plucky cockle-shells on and on beyond the successive provocations of your unreadable horizons.'

Ah, but the charm of the sea? Oh, yes, charm enough. Or rather a sort of unholy fascination as of an elusive nymph whose embrace is death, and a Medusa's head whose stare is terror. This sort of charm is calculated to keep men morally in order. But as to sea-salt, with its particular bitterness like nothing else on earth, that, I am safe to say, penetrates no further than seamen's lips. With them the inner soundness is caused by another kind of preservative of which nobody would be surprised to hear that the main ingredient is a certain kind of love which has nothing to do with the futile smiles and the futile passions of the sea.

Being love this feeling is naturally naïve and imaginative. It has also in it that strain of fantasy that is so often, nay, almost invariably, to be found in the temperament of a true seaman. But I repeat that I claim no particular morality for seamen. I will admit without difficulty that I have found among them the usual defects

of mankind, characters not quite straight, defects of temper, uncertainty, capriciousness, small meanesses, all coming out mostly on the contact with the shore; and all that rather naïve, peculiar, a little fantastic. I have even had a downright thief in my experience. One.

This is indeed a minute proportion, but it might have been my luck; and since this is written in eulogy of seamen I feel irresistibly tempted to talk about this unique specimen. Not indeed to offer him as an example of morality, but to bring out certain characteristics and set out a certain point of view. He was a large, strong man with a guileless countenance, not very communicative with his shipmates; but whenever drawn into any sort of conversation with them displaying a very painstaking earnestness. He was fair and candid-eyed, of a very satisfactory smartness from the officer of the watch point of view—altogether dependable. Then, suddenly, he went and stole. And he did n't go away from his honorable kind to do that thing to somebody on shore; but he stole right there on the spot, in proximity to his shipmates, on board his own ship, with complete disregard for old Brown, our night watchman, whose fame for trustworthiness was utterly blasted for the rest of the voyage; and in such a way as to bring the profoundest possible trouble into all the blameless souls animating that ship. He stole eleven golden sovereigns and a gold pocket chronometer and chain. I am really in doubt whether the crime should not be entered under the category of sacrilege rather than theft—those things belonged to the captain. There was certainly something in the nature of the violation of a sanctuary, and of a particularly impudent kind, too, because he got his plunder out of

the captain's cabin while the captain was asleep there.

But look now at the fantasy of the man! After going through the pockets of the clothes, he did not hasten to retreat. No. He went deliberately into the saloon and removed from the sideboard two big, heavy silver-plated lamps, which he carried to the fore-end of the ship and stood symmetrically on the knight-heads. This, I must explain, means that he took them away as far as possible from the place where they belonged. These were the deeds of darkness. In the morning the bos'un came along dragging after him a hose to wash the foc'sle head, and, beholding the shiny cabin lamps, resplendent in the morning light, one on each side of the bowsprit, he was paralyzed with awe. He dropped the nozzle from his nerveless hands — and such hands, too! I happened along, and he said to me in a distracted whisper, 'Look at that, sir, look.' 'Take them back aft at once yourself,' I said, very amazed, too. As we approached the quarter-deck we perceived the steward, a prey to a sort of sacred horror, holding up before us certain garments of the captain. Bronzed men with brooms and buckets in their hands stood about with open mouths. 'I have found them lying in the passage outside the captain's door,' the steward declared faintly. The additional statement that the captain's watch was gone too raised the painful sensation to the highest pitch. We knew then we had a thief among us.

Our thief! Behold the solidarity of a ship's company. He could n't be to us like any other thief. We all had to live under the shadow of his crime for days; but the police kept on investigating, and one morning a young woman appeared on board swinging a parasol, attended by two policemen, and identified the culprit. She was a

bar maid of some bar near the Circular Quay, and knew really nothing of our man except that he looked like a respectable sailor. She had seen him only twice in her life. On the second occasion he begged her nicely as a great favor to take care for him of a small, solidly tied-up paper parcel for a day or two. But he never came near her again. At the end of three weeks she opened it, and, of course, seeing the contents, was much alarmed, and went to the nearest police station for advice. The police took her at once on board our ship, where all hands were mustered on the quarterdeck. She looked wildly at all our faces, pointed suddenly a finger with a shriek, 'That's the man,' and incontinently went off into a fit of hysterics in front of 36 seamen. I must say that never in my life have I seen a whole ship's company look so frightened. Yes, in this tale of guilt, there was a curious absence of mere criminality, and a touch of that fantasy which is often a part of a seaman's character. It was n't greed that moved him, I think. It was something much less simple: it was boredom, perhaps, or a foolish bet, or the pleasure of defiance.

And now for the point of view. It was given to me by a short, black-bearded A.B. of the crew, the one who on sea passages washed my flannel shirts and mended my clothes and generally looked after my room. He was an excellent needleman and washerman, and a very good sailor. Standing in this peculiar relation to me, he considered himself privileged to open his mind on the matter one evening when he brought back to my cabin three clean and neatly folded shirts. He was profoundly pained. He said: 'What a ship's company! Never seen such a crowd! Liars, cheats, thieves, ...'

It was a needlessly jaundiced view. There were in that ship's company three or four fellows who dealt in tall yarns, and I knew that on the passage out there had been a dispute over a game in the foc'sle once or twice of a rather acute kind, so that all card playing had to be abandoned. In regard to thieves, as we know, there was only one, and he, I am convinced, came out of his reserve to perform an exploit rather than to commit a crime. But my black-bearded friend's indignation had its special morality, for he added, with a burst of passion: 'And on board our ship, too — a ship like this ...'

Therein lies the secret of seamen's special character as a body. The ship, this ship, our ship, the ship we serve, is the moral symbol of our life. A ship has to be respected, actually and ideally; her merit, her innocence are sacred things. Of all the creations of man she is the closest partner of his toil and courage. From every point of view it is imperative that you should do well by her. And, as always in the case of true love, all you can do for her adds only to the tale of her merits in your heart. Mute and compelling, she claims not only your fidelity, but your respect. And the supreme 'Well done!' which you may earn is made over to her.

It is my deep conviction, or, perhaps, I ought to say my deep feeling born from personal experience, that it is not the sea but the ships of the sea that guide and command that spirit of adventure which some say is the second nature of British men. I don't want to provoke a controversy (for intellectually I am rather a Quietist), but I venture to affirm that the main characteristic of British men, spread all over the world, is not the spirit of adventure so much as the spirit of service. I think that this

could be demonstrated from the history of great voyages and the general activity of the race. That the British man has always liked his service to be adventurous rather than otherwise cannot be denied, for each British man began by being young in his time when all risk has a glamour. Afterwards, with the course of years, risk became a part of his daily work; he would have missed danger from his side as one misses a familiar companion.

The mere love of adventure is no saving grace. It is no grace at all. It lays a man under no obligation of faithfulness to an idea and not even to his own self. Roughly speaking, an adventurer may be expected to have courage, or at any rate may be said to need it. But courage in itself is not an ideal. A successful highwayman showed courage of a sort, and pirate crews have been known to fight with courage or perhaps only with reckless desperation in the manner of cornered rats. There is nothing in the world to prevent a mere lover or pursuer of adventure from running at any moment. There is himself, his mere taste for excitement, the prospect of some sort of gain, but there is no sort of loyalty to bind him in honor to consistent conduct. Going about the world I have noticed that the majority of mere lovers of adventure are mightily careful of their skins. And the proof of it is that so many of them manage to keep it whole to advanced age. You find them in mysterious nooks of islands and continents, mostly red-nosed and watery-eyed, and not even amusingly boastful. There is nothing more futile under the sun than a mere adventurer. He might have loved at one time — which would have been a saving grace. I mean loved adventure for itself. But if so, he was bound to lose this grace very soon. Adventure by itself is but

a phantom, a dubious shape without a heart in it. Yes, there is nothing more futile than an adventurer in his pursuit of acute sensations, but nobody can say that the adventurous activities of the British race are stamped with the futility of a mere chase after empty emotions.

The successive generations that went out from these isles over the sea went out to toil desperately in adventurous conditions. A man is a worker. If he is not that he is nothing. Just nothing — like a mere adventurer. Those men understood the nature of their work more or less dimly, in various degrees of imperfection. The best and greatest of their leaders even had never seen it clearly, because of its magnitude and the remoteness of its end. This is the common fate of mankind, whose most positive achievements are born from dreams and visions followed loyally to an unknown destination. And it does n't matter. For the great mass of mankind the only saving grace that is needed is the steady fidelity to what is nearest to hand and heart in the short moment of each human effort. In other and in greater words, what is needed is a sense of immediate duty, a feeling of impalpable constraint. And, indeed, seamen and duty are all the time inseparable companions. It has been suggested to me that this sense of duty is not a patriotic sense or a religious sense, or even a social sense in a seaman. I don't know. It seems to me that the seaman's duty may be an unconscious compound of these three, something perhaps smaller than either, but something much more definite for the simple minds and more adapted to the humbleness of the seaman's task. It has been suggested also that this impalpable constraint is put upon the nature of a seaman by the spirit of the sea, which

he serves with a dumb and dogged devotion.

Those are fine words conveying a fine idea. But this I do know, that it is very difficult to display a dogged devotion to a mere spirit, however great. In everyday life ordinary men require something much more material, effective, definite, and symbolic on which to concentrate their love and their devotion. And then, what is it, this spirit of the sea? It is too great and too elusive to be embraced and taken to a human breast. All that a guileless or guileful seaman knows of it is its hostility, its exaction of toil as endless as its ever-renewed horizons. No. What awakens the seaman's sense of duty, what lays that impalpable constraint upon the strength of his manliness, what commands his not always dumb if always dogged devotion, is not the spirit of the sea, but something that in his eyes has a body, a character, a fascination, and almost a soul — it is his ship.

There is not a day has passed for many centuries now without the sun seeing scattered over all the seas innumerable groups of British men whose material and moral existence was conditioned by their loyalty to each other and their faithful devotion to the ship.

Each age has sent its contingent, not of sons (for the great mass of seaman have always been a childless lot), but of loyal and obscure successors taking up the modest but spiritual inheritance of a hard life and simple duties; of duties so simple that nothing ever could shake the traditional attitude born from the physical conditions of the service. It was always the ship, bound on any possible errand in the service of the nation, that has been the stage for the exercise of seamen's very primitive virtues. The dimness of great distances and the

obscurity of lives protected them from the nation's admiring gaze. Those scattered distant ships' companies seemed to the eyes of the earth only one degree removed (on the right side, I suppose) from the other strange monsters of the deep. If spoken of at all they were spoken of in tones of half contemptuous indulgence. A good many years ago it has been my lot to present one of those ships' companies on a certain sea, under certain circumstances, in a book of no particular length.

That small group of men whom I tried to depict with loving care, but sparing none of their weaknesses, was characterized by a friendly reviewer as a lot of engaging ruffians. This gave me some food for thought. Was it, then, in that guise that they appeared through the mists of the sea, distant, perplexed, and simple-minded? And what on earth is an 'engaging ruffian'? He must be a creature of literary imagination, I thought; for the two words did not match in my

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personal experience. It has happened to me to meet a few ruffians here and there, but I never found one of them 'engaging.' I consoled myself, however, by the reflection that the friendly reviewer must have been talking like a parrot, which so often seems to understand what it says.

Yes, in the mists of the sea, and in their remoteness from the rest of the race, the shapes of those men appeared distorted, uncouth, and faint, so faint as to be almost invisible. It needed the lurid light of the engines of war to bring them out into full view, very simple, without worldly graces, organized now into a body of workers by the genius of one of themselves, who gave them a place and a voice in the social scheme, but in the main still apart in their homeless, childless generations, scattered in loyal groups over all the seas, giving faithful care to their ships and serving the nation, which, since they are seamen, can give them no other reward but the supreme 'Well Done.'

THE NAVAL EFFORT OF FRANCE

BY JAMES BONE

THE magnitude and brilliance of France's military effort in the great war has dwarfed our interest in and understanding of the part she has played in the naval struggle. That part is not small. As she was so suddenly and terribly summoned to save her existence on land against the tiger-spring of her old enemy, her naval effort at the beginning had necessarily to be of second importance. To-day the navy of France looks back on four years of energetic and continuous sea struggle of the hard and monotonous character that submarine fighting has thrust upon all the Allies, and every month the scale and ingenuity of her naval resource increase. Her special tasks in the sea war are, with the assistance of her allies, to guard the Mediterranean, where she has supreme control and across which she draws her supplies of colonial troops, which since the beginning have played so fine a part in the war; and now to safeguard and organize her Atlantic ports, into which the man-strength of America is streaming in its hundreds of thousands. In one such Atlantic port a small party of British journalists, of which the writer is one, is now seeing something of what that work means and the wonderful ingenuities and economies of France's newest methods of sea warfare.

A word about the port. Its ancient citadel rises like the Tower of London stuck upon the waters, and beside and above it, tier on tier, rises France of the seventeenth and eighteenth cen-

turies, with the windows in the long, well-proportioned façades like hundreds of eyes looking down on the harbor where the legions of the New World are landing. The astonishing medley of peoples in this port can best be indicated by an experience. After an interesting but not dramatic trip we reached the port, gathering on our way a new sense of the distances to be guarded and swept, and the aspects of convoys, with their protectors on the water and in the air. As we came ashore we saw Chinese and Siamese laborers unloading, and at another point a dingy multitude of German prisoners at leisurely work. A boatload of Italians were pushing off from the pier, sitting close together and singing to the accompaniment of a stout man with a mandolin in the bow. English sailors were arriving in a pinnace, while Portuguese, French, Senegalese looked on. The white caps with red top-knot of the French sailors were everywhere, but almost more numerous was the little white cockled cap of the American sailor or the flat-brimmed khaki hat of the American soldier.

The story of the port reflects the story of the war. It was to be a short war, so 1,100 of the 6,000 workmen in the arsenal were taken into the army; ships were stripped of searchlights and artillery (217 guns being taken ashore and sent to the front); the naval work of the port and arsenal went down. The naval factory produced articles for the army, and the 75's were well fed from these factories when they

were saving France. To-day the effort of the town has largely returned to naval work, and in some of the patrol ships I noticed army 75's remounted for submarine strafing. Only a couple of hundred women were employed in the chief ammunition factory at the beginning of the war, and it was not till this year that the numbers reached 1,500. Soldiers, colored laborers, and prisoners came to work in the enlarged factories. I was told that altogether the individual efficiency had doubled. The export of munitions to Russia — much of which still lies at Archangel — and the import of horses from America were the events here of 1916. Next year the staffs were reduced when Russia dropped out of the war. Now the port is again at the top of its effort with the coming of the Americans.

During the past three days we have been privileged to see the work of safeguarding the coast from mines and submarines. Much of it, of course, does not differ from the same class of work in our ports, but, as might be expected from the nation from whom we learned such sea ideas in the past as, for instance, the use of flat sails, the French have developed most things in their own way and are constantly experimenting with new devices. One's first general impression of France's naval as of her military effort is the remarkable economies which go with her efficiency. Her method seems to be to think out clearly and logically what the particular jobs are, and to produce a craft that will do its particular job whether it can do any other or not. It must be good enough for the work, but it need not be too good for it. Her motor launches include a number of the hard-working standardized American type which came over under their own steam with the loss

of only one out of fifty. Another one had a mishap, lost her course, and finally made land with all her blankets sewn together for sails and only half a cup of water left for each man. Her most characteristic type is the *canonnière*, which, working with Diesel engines, can steam for 3,000 miles at 10 knots an hour without refueling, and so could go to America under her own power. Her available speed is, of course, much higher. She carries guns big enough to deal with any submarine, as well as depth charges, and her very low draught allows her to travel over mine fields that would hit a destroyer. Her size is about 400 tons. An important point about this useful, serviceable type is that she costs about a third of one of our mine-sweeping sloops, which do much the same work. The weather was good, and we had no opportunity to observe their value in a rough sea. Most of the fittings were from old ships, and everything that can be used again had been worked in.

Another department was the mine-sweeping. Here the French use an economical form of trawl that is not used by our trawler mine-sweepers, although something of the kind is used by our other craft. The main idea is that the sweep is towed astern, being held out by floats (or *cochons*), and the trawl itself, of course, has ingenious under-water appliances for keeping it at the required depth, and a new device for cutting the mine adrift whenever it touches the trawl line. I had an interesting trip in a captive balloon towed by the mine-sweeper, but the day was unfavorable for that sort of spotting. It was a curious experience, particularly the mounting and dismounting on a rope hoist. The mine danger is continuous, especially at a port where great ships crammed with troops are always ar-

iving, but so effective is the sweeping that there have been no losses among them. But the channels must be swept every day and sometimes all day, for the unseen submarines are steadily sowing these devilish

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appliances with increasing force of charge. 'For the moral of it all is,' as the Duchess so truly said to Alice in Wonderland, 'the more there is of mine the less there is of yours.'

'OUR DESTINY IS ON THE SEA'

ON one point of policy, German instinct is obscured by no illusions. It is acutely realized — and never more acutely than now that the tide of battle in the West has turned and the glittering prospect of an overwhelming military triumph is fading into the light of common day — that if Germany is to remain a world-power, she must retain an ample share of the supplies of raw materials and unrestricted opportunities of overseas commerce. It has not yet dawned on the German consciousness that any circumstances are probable or even possible in which these primary needs will be left unsatisfied. But it is recognized that after the war, however it ends, there will be a world-shortage and a very keen competition for whatever is available, either in raw materials or in tonnage. For that eventuality, though not for the more dire consequence of defeat, the German Government is therefore methodically preparing; and as, thanks largely to the depredations of the U-boats, tonnage will be the master-key to victory in the general scramble, Germany is building enormous additions to her mercantile fleet. Beyond that, she is arranging to take the greater part of her shipping under State control, and to regulate very strictly that which is nominally left free. The State is to

decide what priority is to be given in fulfilling the demand for imports, and all charter and freight contracts will have to obtain official sanction. Beyond this, freight rates are to be fixed by the Government in order that German shipping may not succumb to foreign competition.

That the great maritime nations now at war with Germany and bitterly mindful of the injuries which they have suffered at German hands, should possibly have influence in determining the scope and conditions of Germany's maritime activities, is left entirely out of account. That is evident from the amount of tonnage that is being turned out of the German yards month by month; and the record is certainly a tribute to German resources after four years of war. All the big lines are building huge vessels, on a scale that suggests that in the German shipyards there is no lack of either material or labor. For instance, it is known that the Hamburg-America Line is now building at Hamburg one vessel of 56,000 tons, another of 30,000 tons, and three others of over 20,000 tons. The North German Lloyd, at Stettin, is building two vessels of 35,000 tons, and more than a dozen others of 12,000 tons or over; and a similar record of activity comes

from other shipyards. It is estimated that at the present time very nearly 1,000,000 tons of new shipping of the most efficient type is under construction in Germany; so that, with the restoration after the war of the shipping now interned in neutral ports, or in the hands of enemy Powers, Germany would enter on the competition for overseas trade in a decidedly advantageous position. The Admiralty return of submarine losses during July shows that the world tonnage was decreased by over 300,000 tons in that period; and of those losses more than half were British. As July is comparatively a good month, the leeway that world shipping will have to make up after the war may be gauged.

Such a prospect is one that might give pause even to a British pacifist. For four years British tonnage has been exposed to the attacks of German submarines, and for nearly two years the tonnage of all nations, neutral or belligerent, has been liable to be sunk at sight. This policy of wanton injury will expose the whole world to severe disabilities and even to privation for some time after the war has come to a close; and yet, according to the complacent German calculation, the injurer is to be the one person who comes off scatheless. Whoever goes short it is not to be Germany; she is, indeed, to benefit by her wrongdoing,

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and at the expense of the victims. Surely no other persuasion is required to convince the Allies that no peace can be tolerable which does not insure the satisfaction of their claims against Germany's mercantile marine. Whatever other indemnities may be exacted or foregone, it is impossible that the Allies should not require indemnity to the full limit of Germany's capacity to pay, for the destruction which she has wrought upon the world's merchant shipping. In this case, preëminently, the rule, 'Who breaks pays,' should apply. The unrestricted U-boat campaign was not only a gamble but an illegitimate gamble; and in the world's interest the forfeit should be ruthlessly exacted from the loser. If that principle is held to unflinchingly it will be possible to regard even with satisfaction the marvellous activity of the German shipyards at the present time. The splendid new vessels under construction may be regarded as anticipations of the reparation that is due, and that cannot be made too quickly. But even that 1,000,000 tons, added to all the German shipping, interned or taken over abroad, will not fully satisfy the claim that has to be met. The ship-building resources of the Fatherland have to sustain a greater strain yet before they can settle the account which the German submarines have run up.

FEMME PROPOSE

'BUT really, Aunt Cassandra, really and truly, I think Captain Preston will propose very soon.'

'All the more reason for forestalling him. It is absolutely essential, now we have the vote, that equality in *everything* should be insisted upon. Why, I ask you, should we await the throwing of the Sultan's handkerchief?'

'It seems nicer, somehow,' said Sophonisba feebly. 'Don't you think a man ought to *beg* a woman to marry him? I can't help thinking it would be undignified for me to ask Captain Preston.'

'My good girl, equality is what I aim at. In spite of all my training you can't get it out of your head that one sex is superior to the other.'

'Then neither of us should ask, and a question can't be answered if nobody asks it. Perhaps both of us should ask simultaneously. I don't believe you would do it yourself, Aunt Cassandra.'

Cassandra Spiking reddened from the roots of her grizzled hair to the sharp edge of her spade-shaped chin. 'Would n't I?' she asked explosively. 'Not Captain Preston, of course; but if you promise on your oath as an embryo-electoral to propose to him at the Robinson's party this evening, I will . . . approach the Professor with a similar intention.'

Sophy was momentarily dumb.

'I have long thought,' proceeded her aunt, 'that Professor Grist would do epoch-making work if he had the assistance and encouragements I could give him, and the comfort my money could procure. He is poor and not very robust.'

'And as sour as a lemon and as dry

as a bone,' added Sophy, finding her voice.

'A woman's sympathy. . . .'

'An *equal's* sympathy,' corrected Sophonisba.

'*My* sympathy,' said her aunt testily, 'would inspire and humanize him.'

Sophonisba had been carefully educated in all the tenets of Woman Suffrage and had even practised stone-throwing in her aunt's garden, greatly to the detriment of the neighbors' flowers and vegetables, while she was yet in short frocks; but she was still distressingly feminine and irrelevant on occasions.

'We shall have to alter English grammar and revise the dictionary,' she now remarked. 'It's simply absurd to have he's and she's and feminine prefixes and suffixes. We want a personal pronoun that will stand equally well for both he and she — I mean she and he.'

'When Professor Grist is my husband I hope to say "we,"' said Sophy's aunt. 'We shall be a united couple.'

Before the ladies went to dress Sophy had promised to do her best to propose to Captain Preston that evening.

The party was of the mixed and informal nature not uncommon in a 'highly-cultured' suburb. Miss Spiking regarded it as a *conversazione*, her niece as a dance. Both ladies had found, without seeking it, an opportunity for undisturbed conversation with the men in whom they were interested.

'You need help, my dear Professor,' said Cassandra. 'I sadly fear that you

disregard the insistent claims of the body in your desire to illuminate the world with the product of your vast intellect.'

'I have put my hand to the plough,' said the Professor with a sigh, 'and cannot withdraw it.'

'You might do even better work if you had a wife to help you — a wife with money and intellect,' said Cassandra with desperate courage.

'Where should I look for such a phoenix?' asked her companion grimly. 'I know no rich woman capable of collaborating with me, even if she were willing.'

Cassandra flushed. 'I may not be your equal in learning,' she said humbly, 'but I could be your amanuensis, and I have a comfortable income which I am willing to share with you.... Horatio, will you be mine?'

'I am... I am generally ready to oblige a lady,' stammered the Professor, 'but this is very sudden. Pray give me time to consider your proposal.'

Cassandra cast a glance of affectionate deprecation through her large round spectacles at Professor Grist. The deprecation and affection were, of course, magnified by the lenses, yet they failed to melt him. 'Do not keep me long in suspense,' she murmured hoarsely.

'I must have a week, I must indeed,' said the Professor, rising and wiping his forehead with a large and somewhat coarse pocket-handkerchief. 'I will go home now and think. Good-night.'

In what is still termed a cozy corner at Tootham, Sophy and Captain Preston sat side by side. 'Do you really believe in the equality of the sexes?' asked the girl in her best feminist manner.

'Of course I do. Men are better and abler than women in some respects, and women are our superiors in others. It works out almost even, I should say.'

'But our Rights?' asked Sophonisba anxiously.

'We have the rights and you have the privileges.'

'Not *all* the privileges,' objected Sophy, fidgeting with her bead necklace. 'For instance,' she went on, 'a man chooses his wife, not a woman her husband.'

'She has the right of refusal.'

'Yes, but she must not take the initiative.'

'Do you... have you ever wanted to take the initiative?'

'That is a most impertinent question,' said Sophy reddening.

'Not between equals. I speak as man to man.'

'I don't want you to do that.'

'Well, as woman to woman. No, hang it all, I really can't pretend to be a woman.'

'I don't want you to be one,' said Sophy faintly, 'but, if you could put yourself in my place now, what would you do?'

'I don't know what place you are in, or what you are driving at.'

'I'm a modern girl,' said Sophy desperately, 'and the equal of any man.'

'I don't question your equality, taking an average, and I don't mind your having the vote a bit — now. If you'd got it because you kicked and scratched and bit and hated men you would n't have deserved it, but it's because you have been helping us to win the war.'

'Yes,' said Sophy bitterly, '*helping!* I maintain that, if we win, it will be because women have worked so magnificently.'

'Honors divided, I should say. Now,

don't let us quarrel. I'm going back to-morrow, and you really might be nice to-night.'

'I meant to be nice,' said Sophy, 'very nice indeed.'

'Did you? Oh, well then I'll ask you a favor. If I come back again will you m——'

'Stop,' cried Sophy, sitting up very straight; 'will you marry me?'

'Oh, Lord,' cried the young man, 'I was only going to say "will you meet me in town and do a play?"'

Sophonisba collapsed. She looked very pathetic and quite feminine with her little hands, worn with munition-

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making, pressed against her hot cheeks and tear-filled eyes.

'Forgive me, Sophy. I was only rotting. I've wanted to marry you for ages, but I could n't ask you till now. I got my step to-day.'

Dear Miss Spiking,—Feeling, as I do, that your proposal of Tuesday night was prompted by a sincere regard for my welfare, I venture to ask your congratulations on my appointment as Professor of Moral Philosophy at the University of Perkinsville, Indiana, whither I proceed at the end of the month.

Yours faithfully,

Horatio Grist, I.M.P.

THE TURNING POINT IN RUSSIA

BY HAROLD WILLIAMS

A CRITICAL moment has arrived in the transformation of Russia. The Bolshevik power is breaking up, and Allied troops have entered Russia by the three gateways that still remain, in the North, in the Caucasus, and in Siberia. It is characteristic of the anomalies of the situation that, whereas in the North, Bolsheviks are fighting us and describing us in their military bulletins as 'the enemy,' in the South our troops have come to the rescue of other Bolsheviks, who, with Armenian volunteers, are defending Baku against a Turkish force.

So far our operations in Russia are in the initial stage. The difficult work of preparation has been successfully surmounted, the enterprise is launched, its aims are proclaimed, and our troops are already in contact with

different sections of the Russian population.

That the British force has been welcomed in the North is beyond question. The population of Archangel only submitted to Bolshevik rule when it was forced on them by an armed expedition in January, and have since endured the yoke most unwillingly. The great majority of the inhabitants of the thickly wooded northern governments are sturdy, independent peasants. There are few large landowners and little industry apart from saw milling. The class struggle has been hardly felt in this region, and there has been little sympathy for Soviet doctrine. And for months past the population has been looking to England for relief.

As long ago as last December, when

I was traveling to Kieff in a carriage full of soldiers who were discussing with some amusement the declaration of Ukranian independence, I heard a soldier from Archangel put the view prevailing among his people in a sentence. 'Well,' he said, 'if Russia is going to split up into a lot of separate States, we in the Archangel government think the best thing we can do is to put ourselves under England.' When at the end of March I traveled north from Petrograd to Murmansk, I found the arrival of British troops eagerly anticipated all along the line.

That the Allied troops will be received with sympathy by the local population in the North is certain. The fighting, such as it is, has not gone entirely in our favor. A small force that marched along the flat road from Onega Bay, to outflank the Bolshevik force that was retiring along the railway line, seems to have suffered a temporary setback at Obozerskaya, where the road meets the railway. That is a slight misfortune that will delay our movement towards Vologda. What is of more importance for the immediate purpose of the expedition is that a British force has gone up by boat along the Northern Dvina to Kotlas — one of the most beautiful stretches of river travel in Russia. From Kotlas a short branch railway leads to Viatka, a considerable town on the main line from Petrograd and Vologda to Siberia. It was reported recently that in Viatka the Bolshevik régime, never firmly established, had been overthrown by a local insurrection. From Viatka it is not very far through Perm to Ekaterinburg, which, according to the last reports, was in the hands of the Czecho-Slovaks. The prospects of our getting into touch with the Czecho-Slovak line in the interior seem, therefore, very favorable.

But it must be remembered that all

our military operations in the North, including the occupation of strategic points, the maintenance of communications and the creation of a Russian force, must be carried out with great energy before winter comes on, and before the Germans succeed in effecting counter-strokes. In the Caucasus the conditions are even now, as they always have been, much more distinctly to the advantage of our plans.

Our chief difficulties, however, will be not military, but political. The Bolsheviks are falling, though the reports that Lenin and Trotzky have left Moscow seem hardly credible, and it is for many reasons highly improbable that they would take refuge in Kronstadt. But their fall will leave many complications, and the Allies will have to exercise great tact and caution in dealing with the new developments. In the Allied capitals representatives of various parties and groups are pushing their claims, and the British, French, and American public, unversed as it is in the intricacies of Russian politics, may easily become bewildered and wearied by the multitude of conflicting counselors.

Our task in Russia is clear. The work of our troops is to help Russia to free herself from the Germans, and to restore to her people liberty of action. We cannot, and must not, impose on Russia any particular political system, nor can we, while engaged in the work to which we have set our hand, allow ourselves to be entangled with any particular faction, or permit anything we do to prejudice the free reconstruction of Russia. For instance, we are being assured, and shall be assured, on the one hand, that only a monarchy can save Russia; on the other hand, that the Russian people will have nothing but a republic. And in pleading with the Allies the partisans of each theory

will be tempted to urge that their opponents are tainted with pro-Germanism. But it would be a very great misfortune if the Allies were to allow the directness of their aim to be impaired by considerations of this kind. They know that there are both monarchists and republicans who have been most stubbornly pro-Ally, and there are monarchists and republicans who in one way or another have displayed German sympathies. The issue as between a monarchy and a republic in Russia is not one on which the Allies can, ought, or are even likely to make a declaration, still less to take action.

And it would be dangerous to let the view become prevalent that we,

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in our military and economic action in Russia, are working for or against either one of these strong currents of feeling. It would be equally dangerous if the Allies were to let themselves be persuaded into imagining that one movement is necessarily pro-Ally and the other necessarily pro-German. Our only course is to be impartial in bulk and in detail.

According to the terms of the British proclamation, we have no intention of imposing any political system. Our concern is with Russia. And we shall achieve a real political success if we can hold together all pro-Ally elements, of whatever political coloring, until the main task is accomplished.

MISSION CONCERTS

BY C. B.

THE philosopher who said that life would be tolerable if it were not for its amusements must surely have been a mission worker. For the worst part of our work was the entertainments. I do not mean those given at the West End to raise funds when Lady This or the Marchioness of That loaned us a drawing-room. The vicar attended those (when he could not get out of it), and the junior curate proved himself as much in his element handing tea and chatting to dowagers as when correcting the matrons of Back Chatham Street. But such things were not for me. The entertainments which made my life a burden were designed to 'keep the people out of the public

houses.' Especially on bank holidays did the whole staff, weary from a heavy Christmas or an exhausting Lent, sally forth to distribute free tickets from door to door. Then I learned the power of frequent repetition to rob a sentence of all apparent meaning. When I had said, at 240 doors of Spencer Buildings, 'We have a concert to-night. The tickets are free. Please take some and bring your friends,' the words might have been Choctaw for all the meaning they seemed to have.

But the audiences, even the drunken members who had to be skillfully kept quiet or forcibly ejected, were not the chief trial. There were the concert

parties. There must have been some good ones, but if I were to trust my memory I should say that they fell into two groups — those who tried to elevate us and only succeeded in boring us, and those who tried to come down to our supposed level and shocked us dreadfully.

One of the first type produced a really exquisite piece of art criticism. A reading from *The Ring and the Book* had been received by a bored audience with that politeness which the London poor always extend to anyone who they think is doing his best, and we were well launched into one of Beethoven's later string quartettes, admirable, no doubt, but stiff fare for the uninitiated, when seeing the old soldier who acted as mission cleaner yawning his head off I leaned over and whispered to him, 'Did you know, Parker, that the man who wrote this was stone deaf at the time?' 'Was he indeed?' said Parker, visibly brightening. 'Then all I can say is that it's very creditable considering.' Which left me gasping.

But worse, far worse, were the parties who tried to come down to our level. When Lady Emily gave us the first skirt dance ever seen in Deptford — but there! I draw a veil. I really don't know whether the audience or the vicar looked most uncomfortable. I think it must have been the skirt dance which led to the suggestion that we should depend on local talent. I can't say with whom the suggestion originated. Before the first concert the vicar and I both claimed the credit. After the last (there were only two) each tried to put the blame on the other. For difficulties accumulated from the very start. First, we had to select one each from the nine young ladies who wished to recite 'The Fireman's Wedding,' and from the eleven who wished to recite 'Billy's Rose.'

'The Fireman's Wedding' is too well known to need description. Of 'Billy's Rose' it will be enough to say that it begins with the lines

Billy's dead and gone to Heaven
So is Billy's sister Sue,

and that the rest ably maintains the high level of the opening lines. When we had selected a young woman to recite each of these gems, thereby offending all the rest and their relations and friends, there was trouble with the Lads' Club because the vicar did not think a solo on the comb sufficiently dignified for the occasion. But we compromised by admitting the champion mouth-organ player, who really did extraordinarily well, though it proved difficult to make him leave off.

I think I must have been the real originator of the scheme, for I certainly took the chair at the first concert. My nominee from the Lads' Club sang a song beginning

My wife's mother wrote a letter to say
She was coming for a week to stay.
When I heard it, strike me flat,
This is what I did to my best hat.

At which point he kicked an old top-hat of mine into the wings. I freely admit that the humor is not of a high order. But I do not think the vicar need have got up, in the middle of the verse which began 'My wife's mother likes a little drop of gin' and stopped the song, saying that he was sure I did not know what the song was going to be like. As a matter of fact I knew it, and still know it, words and music, and could sing it to-day if anyone would make it worth my while. And the boys all knew that I did, and cheered with intention. Which the vicar blandly took as support for his high attitude.

However, I had my turn at the next concert, when the vicar was in the chair and a boy, and quite a nice boy

too, sang a song called 'For the Sake of the Little Ones at Home,' the first verse of which surpassed anything I had ever heard and which achieved the apparently impossible by growing worse and worse with each stanza. It was not, of course, my place to get up and stop it, and the vicar was too paralyzed for action. Indeed, it was not till late in the evening, when he had been stayed and comforted with supper, that he was able even to speak of it, and then he merely wailed to me at intervals, 'Oh, dear! And it seemed such a beautiful title. I thought it was going to be pathetic.' I could have told him that it had been highly pathetic, but why trample on the fallen? It looked for a little while as if there were to be no more concerts. But then the matter was put into the capable hands of the junior curate, who got us splendid parties from the Inns of Court and the hospitals, and quite revived the fading credit of our entertainments.

The only concerts I always enjoyed

The Manchester Guardian

were those of the Band of Hope. Children can give grace and beauty to the silliest music hall inanities. Yet even these entertainments had their pitfalls. One I shall always remember. There were two sisters, our most devoted workers, and one of them died suddenly of pneumonia. When her sister returned to the Band of Hope the junior curate gave an impassioned account of her works and virtues which melted us all nearly to tears, the sister sitting meanwhile in the front row. When he had finished he asked if any child would sing or recite. I had noticed a small boy fidgeting through the address and evidently anxious to begin. No sooner were the words out of the junior curate's mouth than he bolted up on to the platform and struck up —

More work for the undertaker,
Very busy time for the tombstone maker.

Luckily some crises are beyond tears, and the sister saved the situation by laughing.

THE LIMITS OF SUBMARINE WARFARE

IN spite of constant rumors of surface activity in the neighborhood of Emden and Jutland, and the continued assertions and predictions that the High Seas Fleet is about at last to 'come out,' the submarine campaign remains the overmastering factor in the war at sea. We have recently, after three years of silence and speculation, had disclosed to us the official estimate of submarines sunk; and through the release by the First Lord of the carefully-shrouded mystery of the Q-boats we have been let into some at least of the secrets by which these sinkings have been accomplished.

There is little doubt that the disclosure of the sinkings has been widely condemned by service opinion and has caused a good deal of disappointment and disillusionment among the public. One had become so accustomed to the whispered tales of striking successes; to the mounting figures of claims and especially to the habit not discouraged by Mr. Lloyd George himself of disclosing the figures for a day or a week and then allowing people to suppose that those figures were normal and not exceptional, that if any ordinary man in the street had been asked he would certainly have put the German losses at nearly twice the actual figure. Yet there is in the figures themselves nothing that is discouraging. It is improbable that the German output of submarines is much over one a week, and if Mr. Lloyd George's statement that half of the one hundred and fifty sinkings occurred in the present year we should be justified in assuming that unless

German science can do something to elude the offensive efficacy of the depth-charge and other weapons now employed by our sailors, we have really reached the point at which we can sink faster than they can build. If that be really true, it is, of course, a fact of tremendous significance, and it would go far to rehabilitate Lord Jellicoe as a prophet even without his emendation of his own prophecy.

The figures will submit themselves, too, to other interesting analyses. If so large a proportion were sunk this year the outlook in 1917 must have been black indeed. For it is common knowledge, in spite of a good deal of exaggeration, that the early stages of the submarine warfare were favorable to us. The present writer remembers visiting, in company with a number of other guests of the Admiralty, early in 1916, a fleet base where the Admiral commanding the patrols in the neighborhood gave his visitors indications which would certainly have meant that the sinkings up to that time had been fairly satisfactory. If they were satisfactory in 1916, they must, as has been said, have fallen off in the next year. This alteration for the worse may have been due to two causes. In the first place, the campaign was carried farther afield, which meant a thinning out of our patrols and a greater chance of eluding them on the part of the enemy, and in the second place an answer had been found at Kiel to some of our most successful devices of 1916. That was the year, one may say broadly, of the nets. But with larger and more powerful U-boats it was not difficult

to construct devices which would cut through or carry away the most successful netting protection. In 1917 the skill and adventurousness of our younger officers initiated the Q-boat; a reply essentially British in its daring, its adaptability and, it may be added, its sense of humor. But the difficulty of the Q-boat was that the more often the trick was employed the more wary the enemy became, moreover, it had the disadvantage that it gave the enemy the pretext for greater frightfulness against the unfortunate merchantmen against whom his piratical enterprise was directed. Changed counsels at the Admiralty seem to have prevailed. It was realized that there was no short cut, and in 1918 the depth charge and the mine—offensive weapons to which there is as yet no answer and probably never will be—are slowly strangling the U-boat campaign.

Moreover, a profound change has come or is about to come over Germany's whole purpose in this kind of warfare. When it began it was a challenge to our surface fleets as the Hogue, Aboukir, and Cressy showed. As our destroyers increased and our skill in battle tactics became more absolute the submarine turned to

other uses. It became a weapon of blockade and its object was the subjugation of England by starvation. The entry of America into the war has again forced the German general staff, which ultimately controls German naval power, to consider the submarine as a strictly military weapon. Employed against ocean tramps it came near to succeeding. Against transports in convoy it has failed. Three hundred thousand American troops a month are being brought across in safety over the noses of Germany's most experienced submarine commanders. German submarine warfare has found a limit which it seems impossible to pass.

What is to be the next step? There is no doubt that recent changes in the direction of German sea-power are connected with this vital question. Will von Schuz solve it by a new energizing of the submarine service; perhaps by devising some new move of technical coöperation between submerged U-boats? The attack on the *Justicia* was very suggestive in this connection. Or will we see an attempt by battle-cruisers and fast colliers to break into the Atlantic and at all costs paralyze the transport of troops for as long as may be?

WAR-TIME FINANCE

FINANCE WHEN THE WAR ENDS

ACCORDING to a statement made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the cost of the war to this country provided for by borrowing, from the commencement to July 13, last, was £5,812,000,000. It will be noted that the statement ends with July 13; that is to say, it includes only the expenditure out of borrowed money for the three and a half months of the current financial year. Practically, that is to say, there remain of the current financial year, which will end with March next, a trifle over eight and a half months. Therefore, it will be seen that an indebtedness on account of the war of over £5,800,000,000 is a very serious sum. What will it be when the financial year ends on March 31 next, it is useless to anticipate, because we do not know what is about to happen if the war continues. If even in the next eight months we cannot finish the war, what are our financial prospects? In the first place, we do not know whether Germany will admit that she is beaten; will apply, therefore, to the Entente Allies for terms, and will submit to the terms dictated by them. Suppose she does not. Suppose she offers terms which the Allies are not willing to accept, and refuses to agree to their terms. And suppose, then, the war goes on for another year. How are we to tell what the gross expenditure will be? Furthermore, when we are dealing with figures which represent the future burdens that the country will have to bear it becomes us as reasonable men, who have somehow

or other to live and to pay our debts, not to befool ourselves with imaginary advantages. When the war comes to an end, whenever that may be, and however the end may be reached, we may have to keep up a garrison in Germany. Or, if we escape that, it may take us a considerable time before we can, in the first place, bring back our own men; and, in the second place, help the United States to carry the immense armies that she is sending to Europe back to their own country. It will be a considerable time, therefore, before the various battlefields are evacuated and the several Entente Allies have got home each its own army. When the army is got home, then there will have to be disbandment. Is it really contemplated that millions of men are to be thrown upon the labor market without any time for preparation? Is it conceivable that even so foolish a Government as ours will do anything so calculated to create trouble? Reasonably, the Government ought to disband so gradually and so carefully that the individual man will be spared all expenditure as far as possible, and will be taken to his home without discomfort. Assuming that everything is done in a much more workmanlike manner than that in which the war itself has been carried on, then we have before us how to meet a burden of debt which we cannot measure. Clearly we shall be lucky if that debt does not amount at the least to £8,000,000,000. It may be objected that all this is exaggeration. Of course, if the Germans are about to throw up the sponge, and if the war is going to end in a month

or two, the debt will not be anything so great. In that case Germany will accept the terms imposed upon her. There will be no need for garrisoning her country or compelling her to do this, that, or the other thing. But there seems at present very little prospect that Germany is about to submit, or even that the German people desire that she shall submit. In any event, when the war ends we shall have an enormous debt, reaching to something between £6,000,000,000 and £9,000,000,000. A large part of that debt, it is true, will have been incurred by us for the purpose of lending to the Allies and the Dominions. But the Allies and the Dominions will not all be able to repay that debt, or even to punctually pay the interest on that debt immediately. Is it conceivable, for example, that Belgium or Serbia can take over such debt as soon as the war ends? Consequently, we shall have to pay the interest on the debt borrowed by us for lending to some of the Allies, at all events, for a considerable time. Ultimately it may all be taken over. But that is not to the point. What we have to prepare for is an enormous debt, a portion of which, nominally on account of other countries, will have to be taken care of for an indefinite period. Then there will be an immense sum in the nature of pensions. Think of the number of men who have been killed, wounded, and in one way or another disabled. And the living will have to be pensioned. So will the widows and the children of the dead. There will be, then, in addition to the burden of debt itself, an immense load of pensions. And there will be a large expenditure for other things, such, for example, as education. We have, then, to face a financial burden of the greatest seriousness. And if we have common sense we shall

not pooh-pooh that burden, but we shall seriously consider how we are to meet it with the least disadvantage to ourselves. Ultimately, it is to be hoped, the Allies will all take over the debts incurred by them, and we shall have to deal only with the debts which we have incurred on our own account. But when that time arrives probably our worst difficulties will be over. Our real difficulties will begin when the expenditure on the war ends. One set of people at the present time are providing the Government with loaned moneys, which the Government is spending in the most lavish manner in the prosecution of the war. Therefore, if the money is taken out of the pockets of certain people, and they are, in consequence, unable to spend it directly upon the working people, the Government is receiving the money and is spending it in the most reckless way upon contractors, who, of course, spend it upon the working classes. The money, therefore, if it is taken out of one pocket, is paid into another pocket, and the real seriousness of the operation is not felt. But just think how we shall stand when the Government ceases borrowing. Then it will cease spending. It will have to spend a great deal upon pensions and the like. But it will attempt to get the whole of that money by taxation. And the lenders of money, who were receiving 5 per cent, $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and sometimes even more for the money, will have to consider whether they can safely spend that money upon populations that have been almost beggared by the war. Just think of what will be the condition of Serbia when the war ends. Without fault of her own she was picked out as the bugbear who was to carry the whole burden of bringing on the war. She was conquered and robbed in the most bare-

faced manner. How long will it take her to recover prosperity enough to be able to trade as she did, say, in the beginning of 1914? And a great many other countries are in a like condition. The war, then, means an enormous burden of debt to us, which will have to be repaid some time or other out of taxation. In plain language, then, we shall have to raise something between £600,000,000 and £900,000,000 for our ordinary and our extraordinary expenditures by means of taxation; and we shall have to do this when the whole of Europe is, we will not say pauperized, but grievously reduced in prosperity. Just before the war our ordinary expenditure was in round figures about £200,000,000. Think of how we shall stand if that ordinary expenditure is trebled, or even quadrupled. Before the war the country was prosperous. After the war everybody will be impoverished, and we shall have to find for the Government three or four times as much as we did when we were well off. Again, think of what trade will be. France has borne up to the present the brunt of this war. The losses to her must be enormous. Thirteen of her richest Departments have for years been in the occupation of the enemy. They have plundered without mercy. And they will have to rebuild almost every house and to reërect almost every fence, not to say every building. Is it to be expected that those Departments will be able to buy as they bought, let us say, in 1913? Just at first, when the enemy is got rid of, there will be urgent need to reërect everything that has been destroyed. That will give a temporary show of prosperity. But when that short boom is over, just think of the condition of people who for four years or more have been under the very heel of the Germans,

plundered in every way, lowered in their own self-respect by being obliged to work for the enemy against their native country, and robbed without mercy as well! What is true of the rich Departments of France is still more true of Belgium, and Serbia, and Rumania. The world at large, or at least the European world, is impoverished; and is about to be impoverished more. And upon the top of that the whole of Europe is to be asked to pay taxes three or four times larger than it paid when things were favorable. Over and above this the idle rich who we are fools enough to allow to govern us, are proposing to raise the cost of everything we buy abroad by legislating against the enemy. Legislation in favor of our Allies and our Dominions sounds very patriotic and very proper. But translate it into facts and how will it look?

The Statist

THE COST OF COAL

THE cost of coal is a vital economic problem. If our coal is excessively dear after the war, our iron, steel, engineering, and shipbuilding trades will be handicapped, if not crippled. The question of miners' wages and output is therefore of profound importance, and we print below the views of a correspondent on some aspects of the question. 'Before the war the *per capita* production of our coal was steadily going down and its cost increasing. In other countries the tendency was in the direction of increased output per unit of labor. Now, when practically every other British trade is speeding up, and recognizing the need for a permanently increased output, the miners are adopting an opposite policy. They are doing worse than they did in the days of peace,

and are actually advancing a programme which, if carried into effect, will cut down the *per capita* production to only half what it was a full generation ago, while the cost will be absolutely prohibitive so far as our staple manufactures are concerned. The output of coal to-day, per man employed at the mines, is actually at a rate sixty tons a year below what it was between thirty and forty years ago, when the pits were nothing near so healthy as they are now, and when appliances were nothing like so efficient. No other industry has such a record as that. Even during the war the miners have relaxed instead of increased their efforts, and many of them are purposely slacking in order that they may escape paying income tax. They refuse to agree to the suspension of the Eight Hours Act, though the measure was passed with a special clause providing for its suspension in case of war or other national emergency. They are constantly forcing up cost of production. Although they have had wage advances amounting, on the average, to 94 per cent since the war started, on the admission of their own wages committee, they are going forthwith to claim still higher wages. In September, last year, they secured an advance which their own president admitted was more than they had really claimed or expected. In spite of that, they have just obtained another raise of 1s. 6d. per day, although food prices are not a fraction

higher than when the last advance was given. And yet they are going in for still another series of increased rates and allowances, which, if granted, will immediately be followed by a further reduction of output. There is an acute coal shortage now. In the coming winter there will be a famine if the miners are not induced to realize the position. On top of all these war-time demands the men have decided to press, immediately after the war, for a five-day working week and a six-hour day, coupled with six days' wages, at full rates, for the five days' work. What will this mean to British trade? Thirty-five years ago the cost of our coal, at the pit-mouth, was as low as 5s. per ton. Before the war broke out the miners had forced the cost of labor alone to more than 6s. per ton. Now the cost is over 12s. per ton for labor at the mines. Add all the other costs and charges — timber rails, ropes, horses and their keep, management, compensation, allowances to soldiers' dependents, coal used at the mines and coal supplied to the miners, rents, rates, and taxes, upkeep of machinery, etc., not to mention interest on capital, and it will at once be seen there is no mystery about the high price of our coal. This high price is adding seriously to cost of living and of the war, and aggravating the financial situation now. But the miners are determined, in their present frame of mind, that coal shall be much dearer after the war than it is now.'

The Economist

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The *Nuova Antologia* for August 1 contains a long and interesting article on 'Charles Dickens e l'Italia,' by F. Cannavo, and a study of patriotism in the chief Latin poets, entitled 'Italiani Quæro Patriam,' by Ugo da Como. Other articles deal with the Cinematograph question and 'La Geografia nella vitæ e nella Scuola Moderna.'

'Graham Travers,' whose death in a London nursing-home has brought sorrow to her big world of readers, overtaxed her strength in writing her masterly *Life of Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake*, recently published. It was an exceptionally heavy task, very different from that of writing stories like *Mona Maclean* (still popular after twenty-two years), and Dr. Margaret Todd has now passed away, while reviewers are praising the biography of a noble pioneer.

Writing regretfully of the retirement of Ambassador Page from the American Embassy at London, The *London Chronicle* recalls this pleasing incident of the days before the United States entered the war:

Sometimes his colloquies with Sir Edward Grey, as he then was, were exceptionally protracted. On one occasion his entourage was positively alarmed. What could be the meaning of it? Was there a serious hitch between the two countries? It was known that cotton was a burning question. Dr. Page, being a Southerner, had the subject at his fingers' ends. It may be that his distinguished disputant was less *au fait*.

Three quarters of an hour slipped away,

and even an hour or two. Dinner-time was approaching, and the sharpened appetites of hungry secretaries seemed to emphasize the gloom. Surely something untoward had occurred! America's representations on this delicate subject of the blockade had been met, perhaps, with a sharp denial. There was, perchance, war in the air! And so the comments sped. But when, eventually, His Excellency appeared in the circle of his assistants his expression was serene, as if no care brooded there. No, no; there was no difficulty; the matter had been arranged. And then it was revealed that State business and the knotty problem of cotton as contraband, so full of angry import to the South, so potential of trouble, had been discussed during the first half of the interview, while the second half had lapsed or risen (just as you may happen to be more political than literary or the reverse) to Wordsworth. This topic, indeed, had filled an inspiring three quarters of an hour, while Ambassador and Secretary of State spoke their love and knowledge of the poet, and argued pleasantly, though none the less with the vigorous zest of the born book-lover, on intimate points in his life.

A new volume by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll entitled *Reunion in Eternity*, is announced by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The author first discusses the treatment of the subject by Dante, Luther, Browning, Tennyson, and others, afterwards furnishing a series of selections from a wide field, and concluding with letters by various writers, including Professor A. S. Peake, who discusses Reunion as conceived in the Old Testament; Dr. T. E. Page, who deals with the classical treatment of the subject; Canon Barry, presenting the point of view of the Church of Rome; and Arthur E. Waite, who writes on reunion and mysticism.

BROKEN

BY MARGUERITE FEW

A man's reach must exceed his grasp, or
what's heaven for?—BROWNING

*Here, high above the moorland,
The road of battle runs,
Where strong winds over the foreland
Scatter the dust of suns,
And where the lark has spoken
To flowers newly woken,
I saw the men come broken,
Come broken from the guns.*

And where they passed unending
Was music on the breeze,
And glow of fires descending,
Strange light upon the trees,
And fire from earth to Heaven,
Upon the air-ways riven,
And songs of souls now shriven,
About the feet of these.

Broken, they came rejoicing,
And whole of mind, and free,
Where sympathy has voicing,
And cleansing waters be,
Where eyes shall stay for seeing,
And hands, and feet, and being,
Shall wait on their decreeing,
In Love that takes no fee.

Oh! Hearts of all Adventure!
Oh! Hands of Vain Desire!
Great beyond praise or censure,
In that ye still aspire:
What matter reputation,
When by a sure salvation,
Ye shall escape stagnation,
Midway 'twixt moon and mire.

Not failing, nor succeeding,
Shall be your worth to men,
Not being led, nor leading,
For twenty years, nor ten:
When Time, between her pauses,
Treads light upon lost causes,
All blamings, all applauses,
Shall be forgotten then.

But it shall be remembered,
In days beyond all wars,
In all lands where, gray-embered,
Dead camp-fires face the stars,

Your labors and your leavings,
Your searchings and believings,
Your wanderings and grievings,
By the red light of Mars.

*Here, high above the moorland,
The road of battle runs,
Where strong winds over the foreland
Scatter the dust of suns,
And where the bees are winging,
Homewards, their honey bringing,
I saw the men come singing
Come singing from the guns!*

The Poetry Review

GRATIAS AGO

BY GEOFFREY HOWARD

Since of earth, air, and water,
The Gods have made me part,
Let every human sin be mine
Except the thankless heart!
Privileged greatly, I partake
Of sleep and death and birth,
And kneeling drink the sacrament,
The good red wine of earth.

I shall not ask the High Gods
For aught that they can give.
They gave the greatest gift of all
When first they bade me live.
Great gifts of dawn and starlight,
Of sea and grass and river;
With leave to toil and laugh and weep,
And praise the Sun forever!

Be death the end, or not the end,
Too richly blest am I
To seek the hill behind the hill,
The sky beyond the sky.
Let the red earth that bore me
Give me her call again
And I'll lie still beneath her flowers
And sleep and not complain.

Let those the Gods have blinded
Hold their long feud with Fate,
And clutch at toys that never yet
Could make one mean man great.
Let those that Earth has bastarded
Fret and contrive and plan.
But I will enter like an heir
The old estate of man!

The New Witness